"MODERN MAN," JANUARY 11th, 1913.

WHY THE KING REFUSES TO DANCE.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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NOT IN THE HONOURS LIST: "SIR!"

Modern Man

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

WHY THE KING REFUSES TO DANCE.

The King's indisposition during Christmas was so slight as not to interfere in any way with his enjoyment of the festivities at Sandringham, and on Boxing Day His Majesty was in such excellent spirits that he even indulged in a little impromptu dancing with his daughter.

King George really hates dancing, his antipathy to the "light fantastic" dating from the occasion when, as a lad in cadet's uniform, he danced with the late Duchess of Buccleuch, who was Queen Victoria's Mistress of the Robes, and trod on that distinguished lady's toe.

The Duchess, who had been reared in the atmosphere of Royalty, was very sweet about the incident, but King George has never been eager to face such another moment in a ball room.

At a State ball, of course, His Majesty is compelled to lead off with the Queen, who is very fond of dancing, and always looks very graceful in the middle of the floor, but at balls which do not come under the category of State functions the King sometimes refuses to honour even one item in the programme. His Majesty did so at the ball at Balmoral last autumn, although the Queen danced several times. But at York Cottage at Yuletide even the King relaxes, for practically only the members of the Royal Family are present, and, except Queen Alexandra and Lord Knollys, the whole Christmas party this year was composed of young people.

Bulgaria's War Lord Coming to London.

We are able to announce upon the highest authority that an intimation has been conveyed to King Ferdinand of Bulgaria that, subject to the peace negotiations ending satisfactorily, King George will be pleased to receive the Bulgarian monarch in London during the coming summer.

Should everything end smoothly as the result of the Conference of London—which, at the moment, appears highly improbable, by-the-way—London will have the opportunity of welcoming the greatest war lord of this century; and as King Ferdinand has always been very popular at Buckingham Palace, where he is no stranger, and as King Ferdinand's magnificent victories in Macedonia have been more cleanly won than have those of any other conqueror in history, the new Tsar will receive from London an ovation unparalleled since Napoleon III. drove to the Guildhall after the Crimean War in 1855. Napoleon, of course, had been our great ally in that momentous compaign.

King George's Kindness of Heart.

There is no kinder-hearted man in the Empire than King George. A remarkable instance of this has just been afforded, and has aroused immense admiration for His Majesty in the immediate Court entourage.

One of the late King Edward's oldest lady friends is Mrs. Hartmann, who enjoyed our late popular monarch's close confidence for many years. She was given apartments in Hampton Court Palace after the death of her husband, but the unexpected death of King Edward plunged Mrs. Hartmann into serious financial difficulties.

The result was that Mrs. Hartmann's creditors came down upon her like a cartload of bricks, and she was quickly driven into bankruptcy. Mrs. Hartmann even had to sell her magnificent jewels in order to settle some of her debts. Her tenancy of her rooms at Hampton Court was put an end to, and the lady retired to Paris. But her treatment in England greatly grieved Mrs. Hartmann, and this fact being brought by Lord Knollys to the ears of King George, His Majesty took a peculiarly pleasing way of righting that lady's wrongs.

When Lord Leicester submitted the list of the guests who were to meet the King and Queen at Holkham Hall last month, King George interpellated the name of Mrs. Hartmann, and though Lord Leicester must have been immensely surprised, he at once sent the intimation on to Mrs. Hartmann, and that lady duly appeared at Holkham as one of the Royal guests during their Majesties visit to Norfolk.

Amazing Instance of Court Patronage.

There has been a tremendous furore over the retirement of Sir Francis Bridgeman from the office of First Sea Lord—a true storm in a tea cup—but if any of our readers desire to know how naval appointments are made under Mr. Winston Churchill, here is something that will interest them.

For many years there has been no more popular lady in the entourage of the present King and Queen than Lady Maud Warrender. She is a sister of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who is Queen Mary's Lord Chamberlain, and who is always present wherever the Queen may be.

Lady Maud possesses a very fine contralto voice, and often have been the occasions when her rendering of "Land of Hope and Glory" and other patriotic songs has whiled away the evening hours of their Majesties in the old days at Marlborough House, when the King and Queen were Prince and Princess of Wales. Lady Maud's brother, Lord Shaftesbury, is equally gifted, and his light tenor voice is also much appreciated by their Majesties.

Consequently, Lord Shaftesbury and his tall and handsome sister, Lady Maud Warrender, have an influence at Court which can work wonders when occasion requires. And it has just worked another wonder. Lady Maud's husband is Sir George Warrender, the seventh baronet of an old family, but otherwise undistinguished, except that he has been for many years in the Royal Navy.

Senior Admirals Aghast!

Now, the other day, when Sir Francis Bridgeman's retirement was made, the announcement was made at the same time that Sir John Jellicoe, who was commanding the Second Battle Squadron at Portsmouth, had been appointed Second Sea Lord. After him a number of first-class officers, admirals all, looked with longing eyes upon the vacant command of the Second Battle Squadron. But, to the amazement of everybody in the Royal Navy, Mr. Churchill selected Sir George Warrender for that post, and the appointment has been duly gazetted. The nature of this appointment may be gauged when it is pointed out that in order to qualify this junior officer for battle-fleet command he had to be provided with the rank of acting vice-admiral over the heads of several senior officers.

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Our Frontispiece.

This week the New Year's Honours List has provided our artist with a cue for the frontispiece, and there is very little doubt but that the result will be voted quite smart and up-to-date. Anyway, we hope you like it.

TRY TO POCKET OUR £250 FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

"Old Moore" for May, 1913:—"Observe the form of the sleeping constable—does this mean banishment of crime? The Prophet would hardly like to predict it as a certainty." We don't blame him for not taking so tremendous a risk.

* * *

Something to be Proud of.

Modern Man is proud of you, Commander Thomas J. S. Lyne, and wish you everything you wish yourself.

Commander Lyne is the first man entering on the lower deck to become a commander of a battleship. He takes command of the battleship "Goliath" at the Nore.

Commander Lyne entered the Navy nearly thirty years ago. In February 1898 he was advanced to the warrant rank of gunner, and in 1902, while in charge of torpedo-boat No. 60, he had his great chance of distinction. The torpedo-boat was employed during the South African war in patrolling and despatch-carrying on the coast of Cape Colony and broke down thirty miles from a dangerous coast. Mr. Lyne rigged jury sails from the deck cloths and navigated the vessel to a safe anchorage in Saldanha Bay.

He was promoted to commissioned rank for this achievement, becoming a lieutenant on June 26, 1902, and on September 28 last he was advanced to the rank of commander, thus being the first officer promoted from the lower deck to attain this rank while still on the active list.

* * *

State of Trade.

If further evidence were needed of the country's commercial prosperity it might be found in the return of commercial failures for 1912, which only total 7,874; the fewest recorded since 1888, when the existing system of deeds of arrangement came into force. Not to go farther back than 1908, the number of failures in that year was 10,196; 1909 saw a drop to 9,389, 1910 a drop to 9,054, and 1911 to 8,354. All this is the right sort of "down grade." Great Britain is not singular in her trade prosperity, the boom being practically world-wide.

In the case of ourselves, there is one regrettable feature to note, and that is an increase in the number of bills of sale. Bills of sale are always eloquent of misfortune and poverty in individual instances.

Ten course dinners can now be supplied by post in New York. Perhaps we shall hear complaints about parcels of potatoes mashed in the post.

* * *

Is Sutor Sane?

The police doctor who had to inquire into the state and mind of ex-Lieutenant Sutor has reported, in face of the public acts and utterances of ex-Lieutenant Sutor, that ex-Lieutenant Sutor is not insane. There is no other reason for suggesting an inquiry into the state of mind of the police doctor.

* * *

The Nocturnal Dog.

The dog is a feature of suburban life. As a nocturnal feature, he is apt, when uncontrolled, to make himself objectionable to neighbours in the matter of barking and howling. In a recent case at Teddington, the owner of four large and loud dogs had to pay £1 and costs by way of expiation for the offence of their nightly solos, duets, trios and choruses, perpetrated with punctuality and regularity in the grounds of their master's house.

We cannot think he was fined too heavily, for witnesses averred that the nuisance had been a terror for years. The dog is more amenable to discipline than any other animal and the man who cannot keep him in order, by day and by night, isn't worthy to own one. He sets the dog a bad example.

* * *

The Dark Deed at Delhi.

There is still much as yet unknown behind the Delhi outrage. It may be shown that the attempted assassination of the Viceroy was the deed of a criminal acting individually, and not in any representative capacity; but even so there is no getting away from the unpleasant fact that among some sections of the Indian populations there is the "unrest" of disaffection.

On the other hand, the loud and general expressions of detestation and repudiation from the best (native) classes of the Dependency, and their protestations and manifestations of loyalty and devotion, are gratifying and reassuring.

A STREET DANGER.

SEND TO-DAY FOR ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS.

"Credit is character," says Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Yet most of us assume that our creditors are bad characters.

* * *

Home Secretary's Inhumanity.

"I want to marry my girl, Florence Seymour, before her child is born. Will you give permission?" This was the intensely human letter sent by a convict to the Home Secretary. Here is the intensely inhuman reply from the Home Secretary to the convict: "I am in receipt of your letter, and am unable to accede to the request therein contained."

The convict is John Williams, who was condemned to death for the murder of Police-Inspector Walls, at Eastbourne. One reason for his desire to have married Florence Seymour, prior to the birth of her child, is said to be that there is a possibility of a sum of money coming to Williams, or in the event of his decease, to any heir or heiress. A very worthy reason, too; but even apart from it, he should have been allowed to marry the woman to whom he always alluded in letters as "My own darling wife," and who persisted in referring to him, at the trial, as "my husband."

Miss Seymour's girl-child is now born; and both father and mother are distressed beyond measure at the lost chance of legitimising it. Here is a case in which ordinary common humanity would have prompted the right decision; but the Home Secretary has shown a deplorable lack of it.

* * *

A Clapham teacher has just invented a machine for teaching arithmetic. The time-honoured cane superseded at last!

* * *

The Circuit System.

In the conditions of modern life, is the old system of sending our Judges on circuit either necessary or desirable? One of its capital defects, asserts the "Law Journal," is that while the Judges have not enough to do at some places they have far too much to do at others—where, in order to adhere to the time-table of their itinerary, they sit unduly long hours, or do their work more or less hurriedly.

Now justice should never be in a hurry, and as for unduly long hours we are in sympathy with our legal contemporary in its contention that it is most injurious to the efficiency of the administration of justice that Judges, jurymen, counsel and witnesses should be required to perform their various functions when they are suffering from mental and physical weariness.

We notice that Mr. Justice Scrutton complained the other day at Birmingham of the long hours the Judges are required to sit at the Assizes.

* * *

Legal Aid Societies.

Sir John Collie has made out an unanswerable case against pseudo "legal aid societies," and for the appointment of a "poor man's lawyer." The indicted societies exist by fomenting litigation of a speculative nature. Their touts can be identified in the prowling ghouls who haunt the precincts of the hospitals for information of "accident cases," and hunt up sorrowing and often bereaved relatives. The employers of these touts tempt their clients to authorise proceedings by inducements of the "something for nothing" order—the "society" will only charge a percentage on the compensation awarded.

"Nothing," writes Sir John, "is said about the costs, which presumably also find their way into the coffers of the societies or their legal satellites. Actions for personal injuries can be instituted at little cost; they are often tried by sympathetic juries; they can be conducted by counsel who may not have been paid the fees marked on their briefs; the plaintiff has everything in his favour. It is the unfortunate defendants who have to find the money, and if they should win the case they have no prospect of securing payment of their costs."

Like *Modern Man*, after exposing an evil, Sir John Collie suggests a remedy. The appointment of a poor man's lawyer, he urges, is a matter of "absolute necessity"—not only for the prevention of faked actions, but for the purpose of giving honest aid to needy clients with just claims.

* * *

The Hero of the Storm.

Between the Tuesday eve of their departure from the Thames and the Saturday morn of their return, the 248 emigrant passengers of the "Narrung" had an experience of the terror and the peril of ocean travel such as many men have never had who have been going down to the sea in ships all their lives. The story of those few days of crowded danger and accumulated suffering has been so fully and so newly told that repetition would be superfluous and tedious.

What is it that comes out on top of the story, and glorifies it? The intrepid courage, the dauntless bravery, the unfaltering fidelity to duty, the splendid seamanship of Captain Bidwell, who for fifty foodless hours on end—every hour lengthened by its tense anxiety—kept his post on the wreck-strewn deck of his struggling ship.

The master-mariners of England are a credit to our seafaring race, and the master of the "Narrung" has maintained the splendid reputation of a splendid service.

* * *

Premature Mr. Plowden.

Miss Bessie Logan was the owner of a handbag which she was taking out for a walk along the Marylebone Road, and caught a momentary glance of the profile of a young man who snatched it from her. Bessie subsequently exercised considerable ingenuity in effecting the arrest—of the wrong young man. She mis-"identified" him with certitude and celerity. On the occasion of the first appearance of the wrong young man before Mr. Plowden, that most worthy and lively of stipendiaries paid the prosecutrix a handsome, not to say a fulsome compliment, telling her that she possessed "more wits than the whole male sex put together."

But some few days afterwards, when the wrong young man had shown that he wasn't the right young man by proving an alibi, Mr. Plowden altered the style of his remarks to Bessie altogether. He told her that she was evidently possessed of a most lively imagination—"and I mistrust it," he said. He was right to censure, but wrong to be so quick to compliment.

* * *

White Slaves of America.

There can be no doubt that American feeling as regards the White Slave Traffic in the States has been powerfully influenced by recent English legislation. In New York and other cities of the Union the movement in emulation of that legislation is gaining in force and direction.

New disclosures have aroused the conscience of Americans to a sense of the terrible reality and the terrible extent of the White Slave scandal in their midst, and the demand for drastic measures of prevention and repression is growing in volume and insistence. One of the most hopeful signs is to be found in the determination of reformers to face the ugly problem of police complicity. Of this we fear the worst has not yet been heard.

* * *

"In our last number we declared that we do not believe there will be any war. Events have proved us to be wrong, but the fact remains there should have been no war."—*Review of Reviews.*

* * *

It is a pity the Balkan States missed that last number of the *Review*.

* * *

Church and Stage.

The invitation of Bishop Welldon, as Dean of Manchester, to members of the theatrical profession to attend a special afternoon service at Manchester Cathedral was numerously and representatively accepted. The address of the wise and witty Bishop contained utterances of pith and moment.

The *entente cordiale* between Church and Stage should, he insisted, be based on a clear recognition of their different offices and functions. The aim of the former to convert the souls of men, and to promote personal and social righteousness by extending the Divine kingdom on earth, was not and could not be the object which the theatrical profession set before themselves. Their part was to amuse and instruct and refine the minds of men, to provide them with healthy, agreeable entertainment; to make life a little happier by taking them for a while out of the hard, prosaic actual world into the world of light, fancy and imagination.

They would make a grave mistake if they were to be preachers on the stage, as he would if he were to be an actor in the pulpit. But it should be realised that Church and Stage had interests and obligations in common. There was no truer test of a nation's moral status than the sort of amusements in which it took pleasure. Let them join in seeking the good of human nature.

* * *

Unfit for Human Society.

"The order to deport the man Mylius, who was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment for libelling King George, has been confirmed," wired Reuter from New York the other day. Even Republican America will have none of this dastardly coward, whose presence would lower the moral tone of a convict settlement, and contaminate a penitentiary.

AMUSE YOURSELF WITH OUR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

Lord Milner of Australia."

At Grays Police Court a Mr. Budge, of Stanford-le-Hope, Essex, prosecuting his nephew, a Leytonstone youth named Walter Fentiman, deposed that the latter had told him that an uncle of Mrs. Budge had turned up in Australia who was really an Earl Milner, and his lordship was coming to England to take possession of ancestral estates and mansions. Seven knighthoods were to be conferred on members of the family by Queen Alexandra, who, with most of the peerage, would attend a public thanksgiving service in St. Paul's Cathedral, to be conducted by the Archbishop of York. Among the "documents" handed to him in support of this story were, Mr. Budge alleged, the following:—

"The Milner Business. The knighthood of seven members takes place at Preston Hall. The old historic mansion of the Milner family, which, after 120 years, has come once more into the hands of its ancient ancestors, will be honoured by the presence of Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, Queen Maud and Prince Olaf. Will also be present, Sir E. Grey, Lord Roberts, Lord and Lady Derby."

"A ninth of the Milner property is £1,760,000 in hard coin"—his modest computation being accompanied by a description of all "the Milner properties."

Uncle Budge had a special reason for believing his nephew's yarn—his wife's maiden name was Milner! So, on the strength of it, he advanced the yarn-spinner, according to the prosecution, £30 in various amounts, for "copies of wills," "travelling expenses," and "lawyer's fees." The prisoner was committed for trial. Strange as is this story of an Australian Lord Milner, far stranger is it that anybody outside of a lunatic asylum could be brought to believe it.

* * *

Murder as a Fine Art.

News of terrible significance and import is to hand from Chicago, where a body of doctors, chemists, and judges experienced in criminal investigation, have combined in an application to the government of the county for funds for the establishment of a special board of examiners to combat the machinations of expert scientific murderers, whose methods, it is averred, have been so perfected as to make the detection of murder by poisons impossible by any existing means. "Murder has at last become a fine art," declare four celebrated local criminologists.

The "cobra death" is in especially high favour with murderers. This is accomplished by simply scratching the skin of the victim with cobra poison, very much after the style of Lucretia Borgia, an agonising death resulting in a few minutes. Save by specialists, this cause of death is undiscoverable. In other cases, intending murderers lightly turn to thoughts of easily administrable capsules containing germs of deadly diseases. Attempts to purchase these disease germs for obviously unscientific purposes are not only frequent, but frequently successful.

After hearing expert evidence, the President of the County Finance Committee of Chicago supports the appeal for the institution of a special bureau for the protection of the community against scientific murder.

* * *

Slate Club Frauds.

Defaulting treasurers of Slate Clubs have been so numerous that we have lost count of them. The confiding poor people who year after year, despite all warnings, put their weekly savings into these Slate Club concerns are not only unjust to themselves but to their "treasurers"—men of their own struggling class, unused to the custody of money, and peculiarly liable to the temptation which its temporary possession puts in their way.

Although we would be the last to seek to minimise the punishment of defaulting treasurers, with whose victims we have the keenest sympathy, we do urge that those who are so indiscreet in their trustfulness are by no means free from blame. They place in his path the stumbling block over which their brother falls.

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "THE DANCING MISTRESS."

Decay of Courtesy.

We fear that Englishmen need to be sharply reminded of the Biblical injunction, "Be courteous." English travellers returning home after long absences abroad are practically unanimous in complaining of a decay of courtesy among their countrymen generally.

Apart from the evidence of those who compare the manners of the England they left with the manners of the England to which they come back, it must be obvious to home-stayers that, whatever we used to be, we are not what we should be in our demeanour towards each other. What are called the "little courtesies" of every-day life are not really little things at all, but great things in their origin, their nature, and their significance; and many of these great little observances are either mutilated or altogether disregarded.

In these days of haste and hustle we are, to say the least of it, in danger of becoming positively rude to one another. For instance, the curt and brusque "Sorry!" as a substitute for an apology is certainly symptomatic of an uncouth people in a hurry. This detestable custom of jerking "Sorry!" is so common that "I beg your pardon" is already old-fashioned and is rapidly becoming obsolete.

To multiply illustrations of modern bad manners would be easy but disagreeable. Many causes may explain what there is not one excuse to justify. The mistakes of ignorance are always excusable, but rudeness is a different thing, and never excusable.

Our Council Schools are sadly and badly at fault, or the "manners" of so many of the school-children of to-day would not be so suggestive of the demeanour of little pigs.

* * *

Drunken Drivers.

Prison without the option of a fine is the punishment we have always advocated for drunken drivers. Our insistent protests against any punishment more lenient appear to have influenced a number of magistrates lately and at last, a month in gaol being the sentence in a number of successive cases. In one or two instances the comments of magistrates on the gravity of the offence of men who, in an intoxicated or semi-intoxicated condition, drive motored and other vehicles to the danger of the public, have been uttered almost in the very words of *Modern Man*. They are very welcome to them.

SURREY READER WINS OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

BRITAIN'S EYESIGHT IN JEOPARDY.

AN EYE SPECIALIST'S OPINION ON CINEMA DANGERS.

In our article of last week on "The Alarming Danger of Cinema Shows," we made—and made good—the point that, for all their interest, all their attractiveness, Cinematograph Exhibitions are to be debited with an evil and a peril peculiarly their own. They have injured and are injuring the eyesight of their patrons. Those patrons being the young, the mature, and the old of all classes of the community, and of both sexes, the mischief and the menace to which we direct the national consideration are of national import and gravity.

The Cinema habit has become a national habit. We would have it understood that we are fully sensible of the fascination of "picture" shows; we appreciate their every element of charm, we hold them in admiration as regards their appeal to the seeker of morally innocent amusement, and in respect as regards their appeal to the educationalist. The Cinema habit is to be applauded and encouraged—provided, only but always and insistently, that its indulgence be freed from the physical harm and risk which at present penalise it. Much as Cinematography gives us, in existing conditions, we are paying too much for it; for nothing is worth such a price as impaired vision.

Vision and Nervous Disorders.

Bad enough in and by itself, it is to be borne in mind that, frequently if not invariably, other "troubles" follow, close and thick, in the wake of "eye trouble." Through the eye, the whole body is affectable. Not only are fifty per cent. of all headaches due to some form of eye disturbance—primarily and principally eye strain—but it is now generally admitted by the medical profession that many ailments that seem to have no diagnosible or adequate cause—or have hitherto so seemed—are really attributable to affections of the eye. To the indicated source may be traced some of the worst cases of nervous breakdown, so terribly and increasingly prevalent. Little as the fact is suspected by the public, it *is* a fact that derangements of vision are a fecund cause of nervous disorders; and that numerous, or innumerable, cases of digestive disturbance, disorders of the kidneys and bladder, together with that form of complaint known as "irritable heart," are all due to sub-causes of which the first cause is eye-strain. There is not anything to be surprised at in all this in the light of the reflection that four of the important cranial nerves (including the optic nerve, or nerve of sight) are employed in furnishing stimulation to the eyes, and that any irritation of these nerves is communicated, in the brain, to the other nerves, and by them transmitted to the other parts of the body.

It is unnecessary to say more—though much more that is relevant could be said—to show that a nation with bad eyes is a nation in bad health. In injuring the eyesight of the people, Cinematography is injuring the health of the people.

Specialist and "Cinema Stare."

Alive to our responsibility in formulating representations so grave and so weighty as those to which we have given publicity, and seeking expert confirmation of our statements and our views, we paid an uninvited but very courteously welcomed visit to Mr. John Levison, in Wigmore Street. In one respect our call was ill-timed, for the busy specialist was very busy indeed, and we fear that the interview he gave us had to be given us "out of turn." However, he saved time by coming straight to the point that he divined to be in our mind.

"Have I read the *Modern Man* article on Cinema Shows?" he said at once. "Yes, I have—and I am with you. I endorse every word of it, and am glad that you have taken the subject up."

Entering at some length into the technique of the question, Mr. Levison explained that what he aptly termed "the Cinema stare" involved a special strain on the ciliary muscle, which controls the crystalline lens of the eye.

"In its normal state," he observed, "the ciliary muscle is elastic, expanding and contracting incessantly. But in the "Cinema stare" it loses elasticity, and becomes rigid. Ceasing to expand and contract, it loses control of the lens. There is a vital difference between reading a book and gazing at 'moving pictures.' In the former exercise of the eyes, the eyes move. But not so in the other case—and of necessity not so, the vision being fixed in concentration. Now, like all the organs of the body, the eye depends for its necessary nutriment on the blood supply, and the supply of blood depends on the circulation of the blood. The continuous concentration of the vision in the Cinema stare impedes the circulation, and cuts short or cuts off the supply. The circulation imperfect, the supply cannot be normal, and the whole eye, but especially the all-important ciliary muscle, is deprived of the blood which is its food. The cumulative result, the direct cumulative effect, is Presbyopia—in the case of the young, premature Presbyopia. Presbyopia, as the word of course denotes, is 'old sight.' People may be expected to begin to suffer from this when about forty-three or forty-five years of age. But eye-strain alone, irrespective of age, brings on the same symptoms. Any excessive use of the eyes will do it—such undue exercise as many clerks have to put them to. There can be no doubt whatever that you are not blaming what you call, I believe, the 'flickery films' too severely or for too much—for there can be no doubt about the eye-strain that is involved in watching them."

A Practical Recommendation.

"What do you think, Mr. Levison," we asked, "of our suggestion that no seats should be allowed closer to the screen than about ten yards?"

"As a palliative," he replied, "it is an excellent and a practicable recommendation."

Since this interview with a specialist who has made the eye the study of a life-time, and who, both in theory and practice, has done, and is doing so much to advance optical therapeutics, we have thought a good deal of a remark he made to the effect that, in the every-day and inevitable course of things, the human eye is more heavily taxed, has more work to do that it must do, than any other organ of the human body, except only the heart and the lungs. Cinematography, at its present best, is levying on it a tax it cannot afford to pay—putting on it more than it can bear—subjecting it to a strain it cannot stand.

Writing to us from Battersea, one father says:—

"I am glad you have taken up the subject of Cinemas and eyesight dangers, for the cinemas have dealt me possibly the biggest blow which could be inflicted upon a father. My little girl—she is only ten years old—is rapidly losing the use of her eyes—and at the hospital which she is attending as an out patient no hope is held out to me that she will see for more than six or, at the most, nine months longer. My own doctor tells me that this—to me—immeasurably distressing fact is undoubtedly due to the frequent visits she paid—until a short time ago when I realised the danger and stopped them—to cinema shows. . . . I do not deny that my little one's eyesight was at all times slightly defective, but my doctor says that but for the constant strain of bioscope films, she would in all probability have been able, with the use of glasses, to enjoy a clear vision until the end of her days."

Letter from a Mother.

Another letter, in the same strain, reaches us from Eccleshill, Yorks. A mother writes:—

"Thank you sincerely for last week's article on the "Alarming Danger of Cinema Shows." It has at last opened my husband's eyes. Devoted to his children, he was until a day or two ago, when your article appeared, in the nightly habit of taking our little Gussie, aged 6, and Beryl, age 4½, to different picture palaces in Bradford. I, as their mother, have always looked upon these flickering films—which give me a dreadful eye-strain and headache—as very injurious for our tiny tots. But my man always pooh-poohed me when I said anything, but now he has seen your article he understands, and will not let the children go to the pictures any more. Thank you once again, dear Mr. Editor; and I hope every mother and father in England sees and profits by your warning. . ."

From Southsea comes to hand a communication from a lady reader, who writes:—

"I am at present taking care of my little niece, Betty, whose mother is dead, and whose father, my brother, is in India. I was startled to read your exposition of cinema dangers to eyesight, for I had often taken Betty to such entertainments. So I asked my doctor if I ought to go on taking her there; and he endorsed your warning entirely."

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

Who was the elegantly attired dame who alighted the other night from a crested motor-car, outside a Bohemian haunt not a million miles from Cork Street, W., and entering, emerged soon after, dragging her recalcitrant spouse, whom she bundled into the car, and drove off with him?

* * *

We wonder if a certain exalted Royal personage would be gratified to learn of the assignations which take place in secret between the Hon. Mrs. ——— and an impecunious young officer of a line regiment, sometimes at a Bond Street tea emporium, and—less frequently—o' nights at a little flat at West Hampstead.

* * *

Can any reader give the correct name—there is no prize offered for the solution, which we know already—of the diplomat who is known to his intimates as the "Mute"—because his nails are always in mourning?

* * *

Who is the gallant colonel who has given his friends much amusement lately because he "made a noise like a wild duck" when unable to extricate his ball from a bunker on a London golf course recently?

* * *

TO DO OR DIE.

* * *

In view of the sudden return from Monte Video of the titled grass widow's husband, is not the Hebraic sugar-broker from Fenchurch Street rather sorry he spoke?

* * *

Who is the well-known theatrical costumier who recently pushed a wig into the face of a chorus-girl who had criticised it? And ought he not to have a good kick on a tender spot?

* * *

Who is the talented short story writer—of convivial tendencies—who has devised a novel hobby in life: to wit, holding babies for thirsty ladies while the latter enter houses of refreshment, and making the juveniles semi-intoxicated on gin-and-water before their mothers come out?

* * *

Why did the actor, emerging from a playhouse at Brixton after an afternoon rehearsal, run so rapidly from a small woman in a fur hat and coat?

* * *

What is the name and occupation of the latest pretty boy who has been received into the graces of the "Titled Lady of Piccadilly"? And is he not rather more than half of a fool, in view of the allegations she is nowadays inclined to make concerning some of her erstwhile favourites?

At Borstal recently, a lecturer created roars of laughter among the prisoners and warders. He was holding forth on animal life, and in referring to the services which dogs render to man, he came out with "Is not the dog very valuable in guarding our houses against the unwelcome visits of burglars!"

* * *

We can hardly commend the fighting methods of a retired music-hall singer who recently, in a bar in West London, broke a tumbler, and threatened with it an unfortunate individual who presumed to ask for a trivial sum owing to him.

* * *

If the proprietors of a certain hotel in a Western suburb, who have started a billiard handicap, wish to retain any shreds of a reputation for fair dealing, we advise them to get another marker. *Verb. sap.*

* * *

Why did the gentleman with glowing red hair, riding in a taxi with a lady along Marloes Road, S.W., the other morning, bend down so suddenly and hide his cranium under his companion's coat, as the cab passed a house, on the balcony of which another lady was playing with a "ginger"-headed child of about six or seven?

* * *

Who was the grizzled-moustached man who seemed so incensed with a military sketch at a music-hall in a Western suburb, the other night, that he tried to jump over the foot-lights, and was pulled back with difficulty by the talented performer on the big drum?

* * *

What was the fight about in the billiard-room of a Kensington residence, between the host and a solitary male guest? And why did the hostess subsequently go off into violent hysterics, on learning that the latter's jaw had been fractured?

* * *

Who is the elegant individual, with chambers in Clifford Street, who possesses so large an assortment of footgear that it fills an entire dressing room? And why has he lately been seen to dodge down side streets on coming anywhere near to certain West End bootmakers?

* * *

Is there any truth in the rumour that the proprietor of a powerful half-penny daily—and other publications—is now rather afflicted mentally, and spends most of his time in knitting?

* * *

Who is the promising member of the Junior Bar, whose proud boast is that he "can roar like a tiger," and who did it with such thoroughness the other night that he was escorted, with more force than politeness, from a grill-room not far from Leicester Square?

* * *

What is the name of the retired Army officer, well-known by sight to frequenters of the West End, of whom it is hinted that he owes his obvious affluence to an able penmanship, which permits of his making supremely excellent copies of the autographs of famous and wealthy people?

* * *

Why do not the police arrest a very notorious suffragette, despite the fact that they are fully acquainted with her whereabouts in England?

* * *

Look out for a raid, shortly, on a private residence—used for gambling and other purposes—not very many minutes' walk from Egerton Gardens, Brompton Road.

* * *

May we suggest to the music-hall comedienne who is at present suffering much inconvenience from loss of voice, that this might be remedied if she would moderate her indulgence in strong waters and the companionship of a well-known jockey?

* * *

Is not the subscription—£1—of a social club not fifty miles from Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, rather low, considering that the premises possess a "tape machine," and that sportsmen can back horses at ready money, and "anything to come" is paid immediately after each race?

£250 IS THE PREMIER PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL RESULTS.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XXV.—YOUNG APRIL.

By
ADAM STERN,
Author of the well known Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

Prosings, after its disastrous fire, rose Phœnix-like from its ashes. Imposing before, the place became palatial and dominant. It was the tallest emporium in London.

Mr. Prosing, who had recently put on flesh and had become proportionately more self-important, had adopted an air of mysterious secrecy of late towards Dunlop Kane, which would certainly have proved irritating to a man more inquisitively inclined.

The culmination of the orgy of head noddings and unexpected winkings was an interview in Mr. Prosing's private room one morning of bright promise in spring. Mr. Prosing was alone, or appeared to be so. The door behind him, however, comunicating with his inner sanctum, was ajar.

"Mr. Kane," said Mr. Prosing, "sit down."

He placed the chair for him, and stood for a moment with his hands in his pockets rattling his money and keys, and regarding Kane with affection and benevolence intermingled.

"My dear old chap," said Mr. Prosing, "I am going to do something for you."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Dunlop Kane, and nursed a boot and watched it with ruminative eyes.

"Something that will surprise you," said Mr. Prosing.

"I'm appropriately impressed," said Kane.

Mr. Prosing cleared his throat. He sat down and folded his fat white fingers. He spoke in rounded phrases for the space of several minutes.

"Thank you," said Kane; "I feel that I deserve it."

"A partnership, my dear boy, is an honour and a reward that many a man would sell his shirt for." Mr. Prosing spoke with emotion.

"I'd set my heart on it from the first," said Kane.

"But that is not all. That is by no means all. Mr. Kane, though you might not think it, I am a sentimentalist. I believe in the poetic conclusion. Mr. Kane, I have a daughter."

A silence marked this admission.

"She is a handful, I need not tell you. She put me through the hoop, as she would describe it in her expressive vernacular. But I am fond of her nevertheless. My wife is fond of her. She is our only child. You will excuse me for a moment." He trumpeted behind his handkerchief.

"Virginia," he went on, "is used to having her own way. It is she, I will not deny it, who has been strongly instrumental in—er—stimulating the favour with which I have always regarded you. It is she—er—who has put another idea into my head." He paused to give effect, and to recollect his forces. "You take me, I trust?" he said.

"Not entirely," said Kane.

"Then, to put it more explicitly, she has entrusted me with the commission of—er—making you a proposal of marriage."

"That's rather forward of her," said Kane.

"It strikes me as unlimited audacity. No, no! I don't mean that. She is accustomed to indulging her whims. But—er—what have you to say about it?"

"I should advise you to take her home right away and give her a good spanking."

A muffled mysterious noise was audible from the inner sanctum.

"If I only dared," sighed Mr. Prosing. Then "You said 'Take her home'?"

"She has carelessly left her muff on the table over there," said Kane calmly.

"Oh!"

"And I take it that she is in the next room?"

Dead silence from the adjoining room.

"Virginia," called out Mr. Prosing mildly, "I think you had better come in, dear."

"Well, you have muffed it up!" she retorted crossly, and appeared in the doorway, heavily laden with an ermine stole, a daintiness and brightness about her, like a glittering Christmas card. "Isn't he an old idiot?" she appealed to Kane. "I could have done it better myself."

"If I recollect rightly," said Kane, "you've already made the attempt on more than one former occasion."

"What's this?" demanded Mr. Prosing.

"Oh, you needn't look so shocked," returned his daughter. "Dunny and I have had many a quiet talk together, haven't we, Dunny. And it was you wasn't it, who put me up to tell dad to make you a partner?"

"That," said Kane, "is an abominable untruth."

"And it was you who tried to persuade me to run away with you from dear daddy and mummy. But I said I wouldn't, but I would tell daddy and if he was agreeable —"

"Virginia," said her father sternly, "you're making it up as you go along."

"I'm not, dad—I will swear to it. Look how guilty he looks. If he doesn't he ought to."

"Kane!" said Mr. Prosing, gazing at that young man appealingly.

"It is useless to deny a single word, sir. Let her go on. We are strong enough to withstand the assault."

"You're a pair of perfect cowards, clubbing together like this. But I don't care. "Daddy"—this peremptorily—"clear out and let me talk to Dunny by himself."

"I wish you wouldn't call him 'Dunny,' my dear."

"I shall call him what I like—*darling*, if I feel like it. And I think I shall feel like it in a minute. Do go, daddy; I'm getting so impatient."

"Kane," asked Mr. Prosing anxiously, "do you think you'll be all right?"

"I never felt afraid of a girl yet, sir. And I certainly shan't begin with a tuppeny-ha'penny bit like this."

"A tuppenny-ha'penny bit!" echoed Miss Prosing, on top C. She pushed her father out of the room. "Oh," she said, "you horrid, unkind thing, Dunny!"

"My dear little infant, if you would only use a grain of sense for a moment, you would see how absurd you are, how utterly preposterous, how absolutely kiddish, in fact."

"Why?" said Miss Prosing. She went up close to him. She strung her closed fists tight down to her sides; she elevated her chin and challenged him defiantly. "Why?" she said.

Dunlop Kane, with his strong lips relaxed, looked down at her indulgently. At the bottom of her eyes he read earnestness and sincerity. He faltered in his glance.

She caught him by the buttons of his coat impulsively. "Oh, Dunny," she said with a half sob. He put his hands on her shoulders and pressed them till be involuntarily hurt. "Kiddie," he said. "Don't." There was a knock at the door. "Why?" she asked again. Before he could answer a boy brought in a card. "In your office, sir. I thought I might find you here?" Kane stood thinking, flicking the card with a finger nail. "Will you ask her to come in here?" he said, in an altered voice.

He glanced at Miss Prosing and suddenly took her hand in his, holding it in a comfortable grasp. "Be a plucky kid," he said. "I know you can if you only will." He noticed that her face paled. A girl came in—calm and self-contained, but with the flush of happiness radiant in her face. She halted abruptly. Dunlop Kane went over to her. "May I introduce you? A dear little friend of mine—Miss Virginia Prosing. Miss Prosing, this is my fiancèe, Mildred Brand. I hope you'll like each other."

"How d'you do?"

"How d'you do?"

Miss Virginia Prosing dabbed a handkerchief to her eyes, and reappeared April-like, smiling through tears. "You dear, beautiful thing," she said. "I don't wonder that he loves you."

* * *

"A most unpoetical conclusion," was Mr. Prosing's verdict.

THE END.

When a man talks in his sleep his wife begins to sit up and take notice.

* * *

Operating on a young man at Haverfordwest Hospital for appendicitis, the surgeon found that an apple pip had not only caused the inflammation, but had begun to sprout.

* * *

One way to avoid excitement is to live within your income.

SEND TO-DAY FOR SOME "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

FIRSTS AND LASTS

GRAND MONEY-MAKING AND FASCINATING WINTER EVENING PASTIME.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" is our latest Grand Competition for the amusement and profit of our thousands of Readers. Whatever amount is received, be it

£200

or more the whole will be distributed among the competitors sending in what are adjudicated by a competent staff to be the best "Firsts and Lasts." Here Readers have the opportunity of providing themselves with magnificent prizes. So begin now and go on building; the bigger the better.

How to make Firsts and Lasts.

Here is an example of what is meant by "Firsts and Lasts." If you examine the two words Trick Cyclists, you will find the first and last letters are "T" and "S," so that your "Firsts and Lasts" might be Turn Somersaults.

"Firsts and Lasts" must be written on coupons taken from this page, and each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

These should be made payable to "Modern Man" and crossed "and Co." Do not send cheques.

You may send in two "Firsts and Lasts" on each coupon for Sixpence.

If any question arises as to the awards, or any other matter relating to the competition, the same must be decided by the Editor, whose decision is final, and readers are only allowed to enter on this understanding.

Competitors may send in as many "Firsts and Lasts" as they like, but every double attempt must be written in ink on the coupons provided and accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

In sending more than one coupon a Postal Order for the amount covering the number dispatched will do.

Postal Orders only should be sent.

This week "Firsts and Lasts" may be constructed from the following examples:—

SOMETHING NEW	DISAPPEARING HUSBANDS
UNIONIST POLICY	BAD HANDWRITING
STRANGE TRADES	INGENIOUS BURGLARS
ENGLISH MANNERS	MATRIMONIAL DIFFERENCES
CLUMSY PEOPLE	ARTIFICIAL COLOURING
JEALOUS GIRLS	DAINTY SERVANTS.

"Firsts and Lasts" Coupon No. 9.

CLOSES JANUARY 14th.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address	
No. Postal Order	

If you use one coupon send Sixpence, if you use both of these coupons send One Shilling.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address	
No. Postal Order	

Send in by Tuesday, January 14th. But don't wait till the Closing Day. Whenever received, every Coupon will be judged solely on its merits, but Competitors are requested to send their attempts as early as possible to facilitate the work of adjudicating. Please mark envelopes "Firsts and Lasts," "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and write "Competition" No. 9 in the top left-hand corner of the envelopes.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR NEWSAGENTS.—In order to encourage newsagents, booksellers, etc., who sell MODERN MAN to take an interest in our "Firsts and Lasts" Competition, we invite readers to fill in space allowed the name and address of the Newsagent or other person from whom he or she purchased MODERN MAN so that special prizes may be awarded.

HOW TO KEEP FIT.

It is to be hoped that parents will encourage their children in every possible way they can to follow the rules which have been issued by the Schools Committee of the National Food Reform Association on how to keep fit.

Briefly, they are as follows:—

Remember your teeth and jaws require exercise, which soft foods do not give.

Eat slowly and masticate carefully.

End your meals with fruit or cress. This is nature's way of assisting in the cleaning of the teeth.

Drink as little as possible at meals.

Drink water early in the morning and last thing at night.

Be moderate in the use of condiments.

Abstain from eating when not hungry and from "stodging" between meals.

Sweets, chocolate, biscuits, and milk should not be taken between meals or before going to bed.

The "grub-shop" and the "tuck-box" are two of the greatest enemies to all-round fitness.

If thought is given to these the Committee state that colds, indigestion, toothache, headache and biliousness will become the exception and good health with success at work and at games, the rule.

THE JOY OF RAIN.

I have often wondered why it is that so many people condemn the rain. To the town-bred and town-working man, there are few phases of weather more heartily disliked. The mention of rain rouses from one end of the land to the other a feeling of dismay.

There is, although nobody seems to realise it, an infinite delight and beauty in walking through the rain.

Reasonably and lightly clad, the walker through the steady downpour can find a pleasure second to none in all the catalogue of sports and joys.

Setting out with never a thought of turning home again, the blistering spikes of water lash and flap the face, as if indignant that a mere man should dare to brave such penetrating shafts.

Soon, however, the drops fall caressingly upon the skin, grown ruddy, warm and welcoming, to the downpour.

On, on you tramp, in sympathy and yet in conflict with the opposing wind.

You experience the delicious feeling of battling with something greater than yourself—and winning.

And when a little later, with legs outspread before the cracking fire of the "Old Red Lion," you close your eyes—perhaps doze, you see yourself once more upon the road swinging along through the still driving rain towards home, and warmth—and rest.

FOR NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS SEE PAGES 1780 AND 1782.

STRANGE CALLINGS.

Novel Methods of Earning a Living.

Although many queer trades are mentioned in the 1913 issue of Kelly's London Post Office Directory, including Safe remover, widow's cap makers, watch cap maker, truffle shippers, towelhorse maker, birch-rod maker, blood drier, toasting-jack makers, scratch-brush maker, thimble makers, rocking-horse makers, there are other ways of earning a living which are never catalogued in any known lists of trade.

The Early Caller, for instance, is not a recognised trade, and yet were it not for his intervention many a member of a Trade Union would lose a day's pay pretty often, if not thrown out of employment altogether, by failing to be at his work in time.

If he has a good connection, of, say, about forty or fifty clients, he may make from thirty to forty shillings a week, though a pound a week is more like his average earnings.

Helping Newly-Married Couples.

A novel calling is that of the "wedding-gift" broker, who calls on the newly-married and buys duplicated and useless presents. There are at present in London over half-a-dozen traders dealing in wedding-gifts. One limits his dealings to china; another, to silver and plated ware, while a third keeps a large store ostensibly devoted to the sale of unredeemed pledges. These goods are, of course, extensively advertised in the daily and weekly Press.

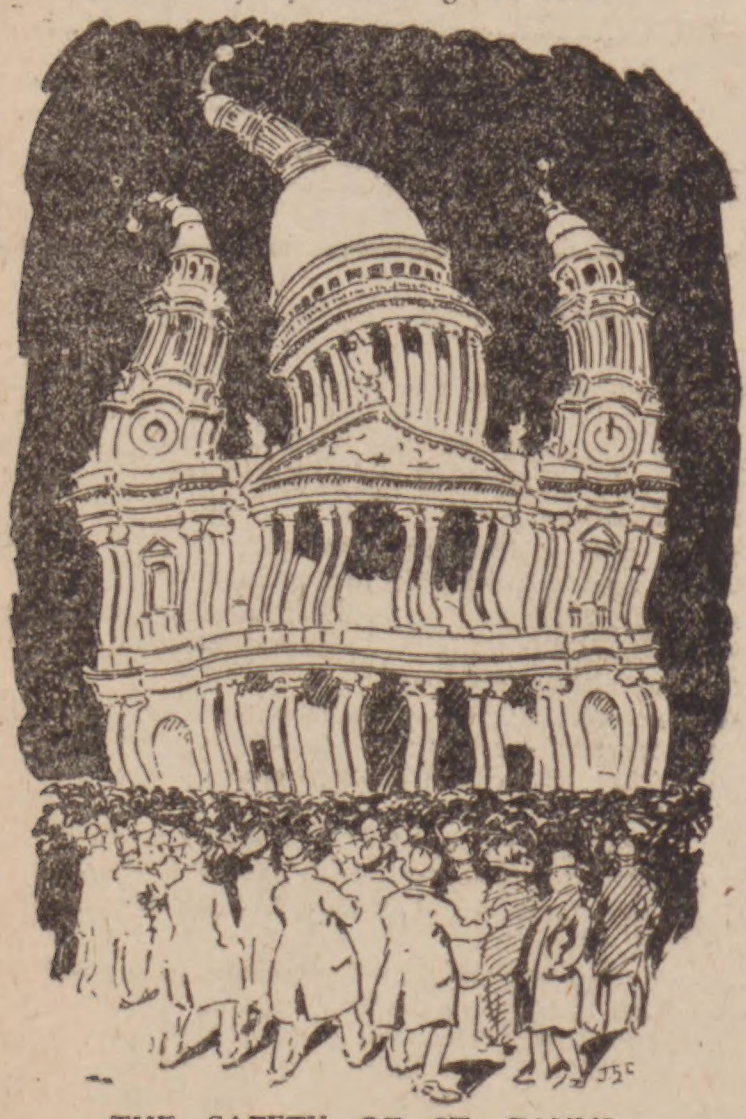
"When a young couple belonging to good families get married," said one of these worthies to an inquiring pressman, "nine times out of ten they find themselves in possession of certain kinds of household stuff, enough to last several generations.

"One bride, for instance, received eight pairs of opera-glasses; of course, she did not want them all, and I bought five of them.

"Young married people seldom know the value of the presents they receive, and besides, they cost them nothing, so it is all profit to them, and it also yields us a good percentage."

Collecting Linseed Plasters.

There are men in Paris who eke out an existence by visiting the various hospitals and collecting used linseed plasters. The linseed oil is pressed out and the linen, after being bleached, is sold to the paper-makers. Others make a few francs a day by collecting old corks.



THE SAFETY OF ST. PAUL'S.

Alarming aspect of the great pile as it appeared to a number of His Majesty's subjects on New Year's eve.

THOSE TERRIBLE MILLS.

A Human Pen Picture.

She was only a country girl, and she helped him to pass the time away. Just the miller's daughter, full blossomed, white throated, red lipped, with hair that had caught the reflection of the setting sun, and eyes that held a tint of green in their brown pools.

And he was a man about town, exiled from his paradise because of his extravagance, and waiting for the parental storm to blow over. Meanwhile he found his quarters at the quaintly picturesque mill house very pleasant. And Dolly was an added attraction. So he made love to her idly and gracefully, as one versed in the pretty pastime, in the intervals of golfing and fishing.

Only he omitted to make sure that she understood the game as well as he did. Of course it went farther than he had intended. An idle man and a rosy-lipped maid play the game of love for all it's worth in the long bright days, when the streamlet sings to the rushes and the wild bees woo the flowers.

And when he said, "Come back with me, and I will give you all a woman can desire," Dolly said "Yes."

But she forgot to ask him if a wedding-ring was included in that "All." The man went openly, shaking hands with the bluff miller and his comely wife. He went away with the clacking of the mill in his ears, and the rushing of the mill-race. He was glad to leave the country; it had palled upon him, and he was glad to quit the mill.

So he left it behind him, not knowing that those other mills of God were waiting for him. And the girl followed him by stealth to the city where he had promised to give her all a woman desires.

He kept his word, and her—for the space of time that his passion lasted for hair of ruddy gold and eyes like brown pools. Then he gave her gold and left her—still forgetting those mills!

* * *

Years have winged themselves away since that little episode closed—years in which the man had done his best to get rid of as much of his manhood as possible.

He is a *flâneur* still, but a little more of the satyr than he was when he lured the miller's daughter away from her home. He idly saunters through fashion's favourite haunts, nodding to one or two acquaintances airily, as is his wont. The dusk is falling, but the shops are still gaily lighted. Mayfair is shopping. There is a sudden commotion in a side street.

A motor has come into collision with a remnant of humanity. A spectator murmurs in response to his inquiry, "Oh, a woman—a Magdalen." Another jests about "damaged goods." Something impels him to push forward among the crowd.

He sees the face, knows it even after these years. The impress of sin which he had first imprinted is deeply bitten in. He shivers, remembering the soft, red mouth that had known no man's kisses until he had laid his false lips upon it. He gazed at the tangled mass of hair, glowing copper in the light of the policeman's lantern.

He draws back. Those blood-bespattered garments are not as red as the robe of shame which he put on her in those bright days when they wandered through the woods, or sat and watched the big water-wheel and listened to its merry click-clack.

"Quite dead," says a voice.

He glances at the motor—a big red car—a monster thing to crush a moth.

Then he goes home and tries to forget, but the wine is red and he flings it away with an oath. He is afraid. He begins to hear the click-clack of those terrible mills—which grind relentlessly—and he knows that there is no escape.

BUTTONS FOR EMPLOYEES.

An old gentleman in the building trade in the South of London presented twelve of his workmen with one trouser button each as a Christmas box. His heart was wrung by the partiality of some of his men for belts wherewith to gird up their moleskins.

Some time ago he hinted to the foreman of a gang that the men should wear braces. The foreman communicated the wish to the men.

The men spat in the mortar and laughed. On Christmas Eve each of the rebels was presented with his wages and a button as a reminder.

NORTHERNER WINS "FIRSTS AND LASTS" PREMIER PRIZE.

THEATRE NOTES & NOTIONS

What's On in Stageland.

You will remember that last week I expressed the hope that the new Chiswick Empire would stage better material shortly! Mr. Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh this week in "A Marriage has been Arranged." Congratulations.

* * *

Behind at the London Opera House the other night, I was struck with the fine manner in which Mr. Hemming, the stage manager, had adopted the grand opera settings to variety usages.

* * *

"Turandot, the Chinese Princess" will shortly replace the "Turning Point" at St. James's Theatre. Sir George Alexander will produce, but is not in the caste.

* * *

Who wants a good tip for the next "Royal Honours" Stakes?

* * *

How does Sir Arthur Collins sound?

* * *

Miss Ethel Warwick is contemplating cutting out the fourth act of "The Tide." This, and a judiciously pruned second act, will make Mr. Hastings' play about the best value in London of its kind.

* * *

Look out for a play to be produced shortly by Mr. Henri Bernhardt, to be entitled "The Spielman." It will be quite unusually remarkable.

* * *

Irvine, our only mimetic artist of any consequence; Miss Cora Goffin, a lovely little miracle of elocution; and Master Coleridge-Taylor, the late composer's son, have already contracted to appear. Original, what?

* * *

The superb show at Drury Lane this year is the limit, absolutely. Go and hear Geo. Graves invoke "a sister to assist 'er" (without apologies to Fred Emery and Sidney Fairbrother apparently), and marvel at Renee Mayer's charm; also, mayhap, you will wonder, as indeed I did, why she descends to "Hitchy Koo." Listen with breathless thrill to Miss Florence Smithson, and see with your own eyes the consummate artistry of the settings.

* * *

"Hullo! Ragtime," at the Hippodrome, is only just saved again by Miss Levey's unique impersonations and O. P. Heggie's 'usband without a haitch. There is altogether too much revue and too little cultivated personality.

* * *

The children have taken Mr. Eustace Gray's Palladium Minstrels to their hearts! Quite apart from the excellence of the show it does one good to watch and feel the atmosphere of their audiences.

* * *

One of the busiest men in the theatrical world to-day is Mr. Edward Marris, who at the present moment has five successful pantomimes on tour. Each one has been written, produced and fully arranged by himself, and not only has he pantomimes of his own out in the country, but he is the author of many sketches, including "Her Madcap Majesty," "Faking the Film," and "The Dandy Doctor."

It was whilst playing the principal part in this sketch that a funny incident occured.

Mr. Marris was with this sketch at Brighton, it being the first time he had played in it for a long time, and whilst taking a stroll he met an old professional acquaintance.

"Hallo!" said his friend, "what are you doing down here?"

"Oh, just run down to have a look at my Co., you know."

"Ah, Teddy, that reminds me. I went in to see the show —(meaning "The Dandy Doctor")—the other night, and I wish you would lend me the chap that plays the Doctor when you've done with him. Wherever did you get him? He's absolutely great."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Marris, "I found him some time ago; but if you want him I'll release him. Come round to-night and I'll give you an introduction."

This invitation his friend kept, and the rest can be imagined better than described when Mr. So-and-So arrived at the theatre to find that the comedian he had referred to as "absolutely great" and who he wanted to engage was none other than Marris himself, so complete was his make-up of the part as to baffle even the most intimate of his friends.

W. R. CHILTON REECE.

MISBEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH

Notable Instances of Unseemly Conduct.

An eccentric individual's conduct in a London church recently recalls other instances of extraordinary behaviour in places of worship.

A lady who attended a fashionable church near Hyde Park was in the habit of opening her umbrella in church, and holding it above her head, just as if she was outdoors in the rain. Her strange conduct naturally annoyed the rest of the congregation, but when remonstrated with by the clergy, and even threatened, she resolutely refused to put it down, until at last legal proceedings were taken to cure her of her unseemly conduct.

Not so long ago a man attended church with the sole object of robbing ladies of their handbags and purses when they left the pews to partake of the Sacrament. The ladies were so much occupied with their devotions that they failed to notice they had been robbed.

Reluctant to Sign Registers.

Many cases are recorded of newly married couples evincing the greatest reluctance to sign the marriage registers.

Misbehaviour in church is not always on the side of the congregation. The following story illustrates an example on the part of a curate.

His text for his sermon was the unbelief of St. Thomas, and during his discourse he made the startling observation that all men of the name of Thomas had a natural tendency to infidelity.

That portion of the congregation whose names happened to be Thomas, all the mothers whose sons were called Tommy, and all the young girls who were engaged to Thomases waxed indignant, and representations were actually made to the Bishop of the diocese that the curate talked nonsense in the pulpit!

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Some people are as tiresome with their airs as an overworked phonograph.

* * *

Success is apt to come to those who count every cent, and make every cent count.

* * *

When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window, which proves that love also laughs at glaziers.

* * *

The indestructibility of matter is the one thing that saves the universe from wreck at the hands of the small boy.

* * *

Our New Year Note: 19—13.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO BEGIN TO READ "SIN."

CUP-TIE FOOTBALL.

Teams and Their Prospects.

In a previous issue, I dealt with the prospects of the London clubs in the first round proper of the English Cup, and any further comment so far as they are concerned is needless, since I see no reason to alter the views I expressed on that occasion. I should very much like to deal with the whole of the remainder, but space will not admit of my so doing, so I will take a few of what appear to me to be the most interesting. One of these is the meeting between Newcastle and Bradford City, who contested the final in 1911, when the City triumphed, and so became the custodians of the new cup, which, by a strange coincidence had been made in Bradford that year. I shall look to Newcastle to enter the second round.

The "Saints" and Bury.

Another case of the finalists in a previous year being engaged in the first round, is the meeting of Southampton and Bury, who met at the Palace thirteen years ago. Both clubs have experienced a bit of buffeting during the time that has elapsed since then, and both, unfortunately, are anything but Fortune's favourites at the moment. The "Saints" have what advantage there is to be got out of playing at home (unless the venue is changed in the meantime), but I doubt if they will get through, even admitting that Bury have made a very poor show in their league matches.

Last year winners—Barnsley—do not appear to have a very formidable task against Gillingham, and it will occasion some surprise if they do not get into the next round. What is pretty certain to be a great game is that between Oldham Athletic and Bolton Wanderers. They are both capable of adapting themselves to cup-tie methods, more so the Wanderers, who, once they get going at the kick and rush game, want a lot of stopping. They will, however, find the defence of the Athletic difficult to penetrate, and when the final whistle blows they may be unable to separate themselves, in which case I shall expect Bolton to win the replay. Preston North End are in a somewhat difficult position, since at the present time they have a great chance of getting back to the First League, and are, of course, as hopeful of getting to the Palace as any other combination in the country, but it is rather too much to hope that they will accomplish both.

Preston North End Should Win.

Heading the League and winning the cup in the same season would not be a new experience for them, as they accomplished this great task in 1889, when, by-the-way, they went throught the competition for the Cup without having a goal scored against them, but there would perhaps be more merit in fighting their way back to the "upper ten" and running out winners on April 19th next.

In meeting Plymouth Argyle, they are not up against a team that by any stretch of imagination can be classed as great, and I think the North Enders will win. Like Preston, the Birmingham brigade also have two strings to their bow, as they are also well in the running for promotion, but I doubt if they are equal to coming out on top against Manchester City.

I am pleased that Swindon have what is practically a foregone conclusion on hand, since it dispels for the time being the fear that they may have to dispose of some of their leading players for financial reasons.

"Have you anything to say?" said the Highgate magistrate to a defendant recently. The Defendant: "Only that I would like to get away now as soon as I can."

* * *

A clergyman, who was consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, said in a very serious tone, "He was one of the few. You will never find his equal, you know." The sobbing fair one replied, "I don't know, but I'll try."

* * *

"Have you any goods?" said Mr. Gill to a defendant at Tower Bridge.

"I have six children," was the irrelevant reply.

* * *

A clergyman named Bakeman has renounced his doctrines and started work as a scavenger.

* * *

A woman thinks it is a sin to do lots of things she will coax a man to do.

MY NOTE BOOK.

WHAT I AM WAITING FOR.

Last week I tendered to my readers what I thought some good advice for 1913. I referred to the necessity of everybody making the best use of opportunities and emphasised the need for enthusiasm in all things sensible, particularly in matters appertaining to financial profit, because it is a certainty none of us can get along as we would like to do without money.

I am now writing in the New Year, so that I cannot give you a little additional encouragement to determine to do this or that, beginning with January 1st, but I can repeat "stick to whatever resolutions you made."

In this connection I am hoping, of course, that the fact was not overlooked that *Modern Man* provided scope for earnest decisions, and during the next few weeks I shall await results with considerable interest.

Although there are undoubtedly thousands of my readers who so far have not gone in for it, still the Football Competition is a great success, and on this score I suppose I really should not have any cause for regret, except in the sense of "more the merrier," and because I want *all* my friends to try their skill to pocket the £250 premier prize, but when I turn to "Firsts and Lasts" I certainly cannot express myself satisfied.

Here readers have a competition which I have no hesitation in saying should be second to none for fascination. Consequently I am looking forward to the time when I shall be able to distribute really substantial prizes in connection with it. For "Firsts and Lasts" I want to be able to hand out to successfud competitors £200 or more every week, and it rests entirely with my friends whether I am to be placed in this happy position.

"Firsts and Lasts" is a competition for readers themselves to build up and make a big thing. Every penny received will be distributed, and every coupon to hand will receive the most careful consideration. The competition can be made a huge success. So begin straight away, and do your best. By so doing you will please yourselves and please me.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS FROM AUSTRALIA.

In an interesting letter written from Beverley, Western Australia, "F.A.L." says:—I am by no means a new subscriber to *M.M.*; In fact, I am an old one, as I haven't missed copy since No. 1 came out, which is four years ago. Therefore I have watched with pleasure the different changes which have been brought about. Allow me here and now to offer you my hearty congratulations and very best wishes for the future. To use one of Harry Lauder's sayings: "It can't be beat."

I am glad to see you are red hot on all able bodied men being made to bear arms in defence of their King and Country. I first learned to "slope arms" in the Boys' Brigade at the age of twelve, and whenever age would permit—in fact, I was only 16½—I joined the 9th H.L.I. (Glasgow Highlanders), with whom I served till I took my departure for W.A. Even that wasn't sufficient to satisfy my zeal, so I took a "commission" in the B.B., and started to train the youngsters

"F.A.L." has my very best wishes for his continued prosperity, and I intend dealing with one or two more interesting points he has raised in a later issue.

* * *

READER AND SOME PROPHECIES FOR 2913,

I notice you gave some prophecies last week, writes "T.R.," Swindon. I now send you some for 2913. It is reckoned there will then be telephone communication between all the inhabitants of the earth, and telephonoscopy will enable the tired citizens of Chicago to listen to the Caruso or Tetrazzini of the day in Paris or London, or see the great operas or dramas enacted. A commercial traveller to Asia will take his telephonoscopic apparatus with him on his travels. As he reclines on the sofa in his hotel bedroom at Kandahar or Kabul, he will connect his machine wires with a trunk system and be enabled to throw upon a screen facing him a representation of any particular play he may wish to see in London, or where you will.

* * *

To my many readers who have sent me Christmas and New Year greetings I extend my hearty thanks.

YOUR EDITOR.

SURREY READER WINS OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 26: PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

This week we have selected Prince Arthur of Connaught as the subject of the *Modern Man* sketch, and feel confident that all will readily admit the choice a good one. It is true that as a member of the Royal Family his Royal Highness cannot exactly be classed with the man who, through sheer force of ability, has risen to a position of great prominence in the country. Prince Arthur was born high up, has always been, so to speak, in the public eye, but nevertheless no one who has watched his career closely can help feeling that even had he not been born a Prince this young man would [illegible] made a name for himself.

Prince Arthur is a man of action. He recognises to the full his duty to his country and is always ready. It is suggested that the King may shortly confer dukedoms on Prince Arthur, cousin to His Majesty, and on Prince Alexander of Teck, brother of the Queen.

The careers of the two Princes are in many respects similar. Both are identified with the Army. Both began their service in the 7th Hussars. Both have acted as "understudy" to the King—though Prince Arthur has been selected more frequently and for the most important occasions.

On one occasion when Prince Arthur was travelling by steamer along a Canadian river, he saw a man standing on the bank waving a pocket handkerchief tied to a stick.

The Prince immediately pulled out his own handkerchief and waved back again. "Why did you do that?" asked one of his suite. "The man signalled the words 'Welcome to Canada,'" replied Prince Arthur, "and I signalled back again 'Thank you.'"

Although there were a number of officers on board the Prince was the only person who was able to read the stranger's message.

FOR WINNERS OF "FIRST AND LASTS" PRIZES SEE PAGE 1782.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.

STRETCHING EXERCISE.

The novel stretching exercise I give this week will benefit many muscles. The muscles chiefly exercised will be those of the leg that is bent, but the muscles at the side of the back, and under the hand that is at rest, will also benefit.

To perform the exercise, stand erect with the feet about a yard apart and the arms by the sides.

Place the left hand on the hip and bend down as shown in the sketch, doubling the right leg and raising the right heel from the ground, but keeping the inner side of the left foot on the floor.

Straighten the left leg and extend the right arm so as to touch the floor as far as possible to your right.

Then rise slowly to the starting position and repeat the process, placing the right arm on the hip and bending down towards the left.

You will need to concentrate your whole attention on the exercise, and unless your joints are supple and your muscles in good condition, you may find some difficulty in accomplishing the feat.

Make a point, as you bend down, of looking at the extended hand, and in this way you will find that the exercise will also tell on the development of the neck.

Fitness.

It is a mistake to suppose that rapid physical development is intended to develop abnormally large muscles which will be the envy of all beholders.

This can, of course, be done by systematic work, but it takes more time than most men can devote to it when once they have left school and entered upon the business of life.

Many men go in for physical culture under the mistaken impression that they will speedily increase all the measurements of their bodies, but development in point of size is not the sole object of physical culture.

Because it is impossible to devote sufficient time and energy to become a phenomenally strong man, it is not worth while giving up what little time can be spared morning and evening.

This can at least give fitness and health; and, moreover, it will give strength, for it will make the muscles you have of some practical use, and keep them fit and hard.

Further, one of the greatest benefits of physical culture exercise to the system is in promoting the circulation of the blood, and thus giving every organ a chance to perform its proper function.

Fruit as a Diet.

Fruit should always find a place on the breakfast table, summer and winter.

Oranges are excellent when eaten in the morning, and it is an excellent American habit to eat an apple before breakfast.

Grapes will often cure a bad cold if partaken of largely, and used as the chief diet.

A slice of lemon in tea is most refreshing, and lemon juice is prescribed by physicians to help weak indigestions.

Bananas are a food in themselves, but some find a difficulty in digesting them. They can be cooked in a variety of ways.

BRIEF REPLIES.

ECHO (Workington).—For grey hair the following prescription may be safely recommended:—Pilocarp hydrochlor. 6 grains; Spl. vin. rect., 6 drachms; Tinct. jaborandi, 1 ounce; Glycerine, 2 drachms; Aqua rosæ, 8 ounces. Rub well into the scalp every night, and persevere with the treatment for at least six weeks.

LOTTERY (Greenock).—Systematic culture and plenty of body exercise are the only methods of cure.

D. Le. L. (North Wales).—Can only advise you to apply for full particulars at nearest headquarters. They will tell you the minimum measurements.

J. R. (Brixton).—Yes, write to Professor Prowse.

Baggy trousers do not become the modern man. They should be kept neat, with a smart crease down the front, and the Simplex Trouser Press, made by the Simplex Manufacturing Co., at 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W., will do this for you at a very small cost.

OVER THE ROPES.

Gossip in the Boxing World.

The sporting fraternity are at present hugely excited over the negotiations at present in progress with regard to the Heavyweight Championship of the World. The names of all the "white hopes" are being brought up or discussion, and, according to rumour, Billy Wells will meet Jack Johnson in France some time during the summer.

Palzer, the Iowan giant, is mentioned as Wells' next opponent at the National Sporting Club. Tommy Burns is matched with Wells, to meet on March 14th, at Calgary. This is only a select few of the statements published in the sporting Press, but the limit is just about reached when we hear from New York that Mr. Bettinson has offered Palzer £1,000 to box Billy Wells at the N.S.C. Comment is unnecessary.

* * *

Bombardier Wells was to have met Private Voyles at King's Hall on Friday last, but the match has been postponed until next Friday, January 10th. P.O. Curran wants to meet the winner, as he says he quite fancies his chance with Billy. That's what they all say, "Nutty," until they get into the ring.

Jim Sullivan wants another crack at Jack Harrison, for the middleweight championship, now that the latter has returned from the States. Harrison would be well advised to take a rest first, as his form against American opponents recently seems to suggest staleness.

* * *

A good match which is on the stocks is that between Sid Smith, our Flyweight Champion, and Johnny Hughes, for the Flyweight Championship. Articles were to have been discussed last Monday, but Smith contracted a stiff attack of the 'flu and could not turn up. However, the match is practically a certainty.

The welterweights are sorting themselves out gradually, and a serious challenger for Johnny Summers' title will soon be unearthed. Arthur Duncan v. Eddie Elton, Arthur Evernden v. Eddie Beattie, and Tom McCormick v. Sid Burns, and Fred Dyer as a bye should certainly elucidate the problem of Johnny's next opponent.

The second half of the season at the National Sporting Club commences to-night, when Mr. Bettinson's benefit takes place. Most of the champions will spar with the leading lights of the amateur scrappers, and two interesting fifteen rounds contests are on the bill.

HEIGHT INCREASED.

Increase your height and increase your business value. Don't be small and insignificant, but tall and commanding. Professor Prowse can put from **two to three inches** on to your **height**, and add proportionately to your **breadth of shoulder, general health** and **business personality**. Write, enclosing two penny stamps for particulars of my simple system, involving **no appliances, no deviation from ordinary habit**, and **no drugs**. PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, CROYDON.

START YOUR NEW YEAR WELL

by enrolling as a student of the famous "St. Settef Course of Will-Culture." In doing so you will **safeguard your good resolutions** by developing your Will-Power to double its present strength in a few months. Your powers of Concentration, Self-Reliance and Personal Magnetism will also be enormously increased. You will rise in the estimation of the men and women you meet. The fee for the whole Course (full of absorbingly interesting lessons) is only **2/6** (abroad **6d.** extra). **No further expenditure.** The Course is sent in plain sealed package. Enrol to-day, and next year is certain to be a memorable one.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M). PERTH. N.B.

P.S.—The Editor and the Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man" strongly recommend "The St. Settef Course."

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height),
Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

SHAVE YOURSELF WITH OUR SAFETY RAZOR.

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NORTHERN

TABLOID TOPICS.

Some Interesting Pen Points.

Tampering with the railway-signals is the Suffragette's latest piece of mischief. Perhaps they were only trying to introduce a purple, green and white light as a danger signal!

* * *

The Municipality of Berlin is about to tax all beer brewed outside the city proper. The Protectionists complain that this is carrying the food-tax too far.

* * *

"Owing to our taste for soft foods, biting is becoming a lost art," says a London doctor. In other words, you don't chew?

* * *

Mrs. Draper, of New York, gave a "pearl ball" in honour of her daughter. Henceforth she will be known as the mother of pearl.

* * *

"The Shape Art was evidently passed without digestion," said Mr. Fordham recently. It is too late now to bring up objections, even if we are sick of it.

* * *

A correspondent of the *Daily Mirror* asks, "Should we give to beggars?" Yes, wee mite.

* * *

"Hullo, rag-time," at the Hippodrome, is described by a critic as a "ripping" revue. This is literally tearing it to pieces.

* * *

A Girton girl claims the right to enter the legal profession because "women are often less loquacious than men." Certainly not the bar-maid we know.

* * *

It is said that no novels of first rank have been published in Australia in recent years. Things are different here. Novels are such a "drug on the market" here that most of our chemist stores have developed into lending libraries.

THE PITMAN CENTENARY.

Invention and Progress of a Winged Art.

The centenary celebrations in honour of the late Sir Isaac Pitman turn our thoughts to shorthand, a system of which he was such an able inventor and exponent. It has been observed by the *Times* that "coal, heat, gas, electricity and shorthand are powers which have transformed the face of the world;" and when we realise that there is an army of approximately 1,000,000 shorthand writers in the kingdom making use of their winged art, we begin to appreciate that our contemporary is correct.

The practice of the art can be traced at least as far back as the Roman Era, and probably dates from a still earlier period. The speeches of Cicero were preserved to us by Tiro, a slave, who invented the system he used. This system was practised down to mediæval times.

To John of Tilbury is due the credit for inventing, in 1180, the first English system, whilst in Elizabeth's time there were three different inventors. Of these probably Timothy Bright is the most notorious. Between this time and the Victorian rush for shorthand two hundred different systems were given to the world, and practised, those of Shelton, Rich, Mason and Gurney being the most celebrated. Charles Dickens, when acting as a reporter in the "Gallery," made use of Gurney's shorthand.

One of the best systems of the present day is undoubtedly the New Rapid, for which thanks are due to the enterprising principal of the Holborn Hall College, London.

It is not uninteresting to know that if the legions engaged in London as mere shorthand-typists, excluding the thousands of others who practice the art, were to unite and march through the streets they would form a body of about 20,000 strong; but this is a mere bagatelle when compared with the round million of British stenographers, and the fact should dispel any idea that the majority of shorthand writers work in London as typists.

T. F. D.

£250 FOR CORRECT FOOTBALL RESULTS

At all times a plentiful supply of money is required, and our Football Skill Competition will provide it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First Round of the English Cup on Saturday, January 11th, and for the prize of £250 you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of £250. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results £25 will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, January 11th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 11 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, January 10th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are excluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 11.

Matches to be played on Saturday, January 11th. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

LIVERPOOL	v.	BRISTOL CITY.
LEEDS CITY	v.	BURNLEY.
DERBY COUNTY	v.	ASTON VILLA.
HUDDERSFIELD TOWN	v.	SHEFFIELD UNITED.
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR	v.	BLACKPOOL.
MILLWALL	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH.
NEWCASTLE UNITED	v.	BRADFORD CITY.
FULHAM	v.	HULL CITY.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION	v.	WEST HAM UNITED.
SUNDERLAND	v.	CLAPTON ORIENT.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC	v.	BOLTON WANDERERS.
STOKE	v.	READING.
CRYSTAL PALACE	v.	GLOSSOP.
MANCHESTER CITY	v.	BIRMINGHAM.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	v.	GRIMSBY TOWN.
LEICESTER FOSSE	v.	NORWICH CITY.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

NORTHERN READER WINS PREMIER "FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE.

Mems for the Modern Woman.

Colours are being mixed in a most startling way this season. For instance, pale yellow combined with pale blue is charming, but when, on the same evening dress, one sees a scarlet and mauve waistbelt, and emerald green buttons, one wonders whether this craze for colour isn't becoming a trifle too barbaric.

Another danger this winter lies in an excessive use of glittering trimmings. A little goes a very long way, unless one has no objection to looking like a pantomime fairy. It is so very easy to overdo a pretty trimming that, unless one keeps the curb on, so to speak, or has such an unusual possession as a dressmaker with perfect taste, a glittering frock is apt to look painfully vulgar.

* * *

Thefts from Royalty.

The story of a theft and recovery of Royal gifts in London a few days ago reminds one of the fact that Royal personages themselves have been the victims of many such thefts or losses.

Queen Adelaide, the consort of William IV., whilst staying at the Duke of Rutland's seat, lost a valuable bracelet. It was picked up a few days later by a poor peasant woman, who forwarded it to the Queen, and received from her a gratuity of ten pounds.

In August 1839 some chimney-sweeps engaged in the apartments of the Duchess of Kent at Kensington Palace succeeded in getting away with a quantity of plate and wearing apparel. No arrest was ever made.

In January, 1841, a messenger sent from Windsor Castle to convey a packet of important letters to the King of Belgium and a box of valuable jewellery belonging to the Duchess of Kent found on arriving at Slough that both parcels were missing. A long search was made without any result, and it was concluded that both packages had by some means been stolen in transit.

A few hours later, however, an officer's servant discovered them in the main road at Eton.

In May, 1843, Prince Albert lost a brilliant of great size from the girdle of the gorgeous dress he was then wearing, and it was never seen again. In February, 1843, a large quantity of royal plate was stolen from Windsor Castle and never recovered.

In March, 1865, the then Prince of Wales, while attending the steeplechases at Chertsey, had his pocket picked of a costly gold watch given to him by his mother, but, with his usual good humour, remarked that the thief might call himself "Pickpocket of the Prince of Wales." His brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, was in 1875 robbed of a richly mounted dressing-case.

* * *

One Thousand Years Hence.

It has been prophesied that human slavery or domestic service will be unknown one thousand years hence, and that orang outangs or chimpanzees will do all man's housework for him.

Chemical synthesis will have done away with all the the trouble of cooking elaborate dishes. Gluttony will be unknown, and men and women will entertain each other in conservatories, the banquet consisting of compressed viands or delicacies served on silver trays, the tabloid melting in one's mouth and doing away with the vulgar necessity of mastication, but giving, nevertheless, the same results, if not superior, as far as digestion is concerned.

* * *

Prepare To-day.

A Delicious Savoury.—Fry some soft roes of fresh herrings in butter, have ready some buttered rounds of toast, about the size of an egg-cup, lay the roes on, and serve very hot.

* * *

Lemon Pudding.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, six ounces of lard or dripping, the juice of one large lemon, one teaspoonful of flour and sugar. Make the flour and lard into a smooth paste, and roll it out to the thickness of about half an inch. Squeeze the lemon, and strain the juice into a cup. Stir the flour into it, and as much sugar. Spread it over the paste. Roll it up, securing the ends, and tie in a floured cloth. Boil for two hours. Average cost, 7d.

Lamp wicks soaked in vinegar some twenty-four hou before being used will give a clearer flame and a steadie light than those not so treated.

* * *

Something Novel.

A well-known hostess has introduced an amusing metho of distributing presents at a party. Dinner over, the guest were summoned into the hall and told that gifts were awai ing them if they could be found.

On the handrail of the staircase were seen hanging card with the names of the guests, and to these cards were attached different coloured threads, leading in all direc tions—some went up two floors and the presents were foun in a spare bedroom, another thread led to the billiard-room another to the smoking-room, and yet others proceeded t the drawing-room, round the piano and various articles o furniture, down stairs again into the hall, and, in some cases, it took over ten minutes to find the hidden packet.

* * *

Contracting parties at a Battersea wedding were named Duck and Drake, while one of the witnesses was named Swan.

* * *

A medical paper says that a woman's foot, when perfect has a high instep, short heel and long straight toes slightly broadening at the end.

* * *

The Ideal Girl.

According to a Frenchman, the ideal young girl should be neither a blue-stocking nor a housekeeping fanatic.

She should combine the qualities of mother, friend, and sister, says another reader.

She should not be too intelligent. She should have read Nietzsche, but ought not to mention it; should be able to play a melody of Schumann without studying it for six months; to make cushions for bazaars, and, if necessary, to darn socks.

* * *

In a room of a bachelor who died recently in Melbourne Australia, at the age of 82, 2,300 love letters, written by six different girls, were found.

They were in an ivory casket, and tied with jewelled silver chains in bundles of fifty.

* * *

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" SHOULD ATTRACT EVERYBODY.

NEW READERS CAN START TO-DAY.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

BY

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

SOME CHARACTERS IN OUR EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

JASMINE FLOYD, the beautiful daughter of Wellington Floyd, of Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead.

WELLINGTON FLOYD, "something in the City," rich, and a Churchwarden.

CARL STUTTERMANN, a bully, who poses as a friend of Floyd's.

HARRY EARLE, nephew of Lord Clarestoke, a convict serving ten years' penal servitude.

MARY GLOVER, a poor girl whom Jasmine meets accidentally.

HONOURABLE LEONARD SHOREHAM, son and heir of Lord Clarestoke.

TIGG, butler at Lord Clarestoke's in Eaton Square.

Jasmine shows Carl Stuttermann a letter, which tells her that her father is the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the Metropolis. Stuttermann says it is quite true, and laughing the laugh of a bully and a brute, informs her that if she fails to lunch with him at his house in Chelsea on the following day, Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, should be in the hands of the police within an hour.

Earle effects a dramatic escape from Portmill Prison, in order to try to track down his destroyers, and to tell Jasmine of his love for her, which is reciprocated.

Jasmine sets out in a dense fog to travel to Chelsea by a tube train which is wrecked in a collision, and among the slightly injured passengers is a girl, named Mary Glover, so much like Jasmine, that later, in order to secure money to obtain letters belonging to her from a man who had threatened to show them to her lover, consents to change clothes and impersonate Jasmine at the luncheon.

Using a key which Stuttermann lent her on condition that she promised to lunch with him, Jasmine gained admission to a villa in Regent's Park. While secreted behind a cabinet, she hears her father, who is disguised, negotiating with a stranger for the purchase of the stolen Great Sunstone diamond, and later she is amazed to see Harry Earle in the room and to hear him address her father: "You scoundrel, you know me, don't you. I am Harry Earle, whom you—"

But he gets no farther, for at that very moment police officers rush into the room and there is a wild stampede in darkness.

Upon escaping from the house, Jasmine goes to Stuttermann's residence to fetch Mary Glover, and is horrified to find her dead at the luncheon table.

Earle also visits the place, and the truth known, he springs at Stuttermann, strikes him down, rendering him unconscious, and then leaves the house, followed by a doctor, shouting for the police.

Lennie Shoreham is perturbed when he hears from Jasmine, now known as Miss Henry, of her promise to marry Earle, and, disguised as a warder, visits Earle, who has been re-arrested, at Portmill Prison, and tells him that he (Earle) is the real heir to the Clarestoke peerage, adding, "I am a woman, not a man, and am mad with love for you."

In the prison hospital, a dying convict describes to Earle the fellow who placed the stolen diamonds in his (Earle's) room, the jewels for which he was convicted, and he further vouchsafes the information that Stuttermann himself had told him he was jealous of Earle because he wanted Jasmine.

At Lord Clarestoke's house, Lennie Shoreham accidentally drops on the floor a piece of cloth with the ugly and ominous brand upon it. Jasmine, seeing it, knows it as a sign, and cries, "Where did you get it? For I must go to him; I must go!"

Lord Clarestoke dies suddenly and Lennie Shoreham determines that Earle shall win his peerage by trampling on Jasmine Floyd's heart. Jasmine pays a secret visit to her old home and also visits Stuttermann's house, where she overhears Stutterman and her father plotting Earle's death.

The police raid the house but Stutterman and "Troop" manage to escape. Jasmine prays to be provided with some weapon against her lover's enemies.

CHAPTER VIII. (continued).

THE FATE OF THE CONVICT PEER.

What Jasmine Floyd saw when she rose from her knees struck her as almost miraculous.

She had come to this house for proof that Carl Stuttermann had the guilt of blood upon his soul, and here surely she had it.

What she saw was a slight enough thing in itself—simply the fact that the thudding along the street of a heavy steam waggon with two other waggons in its train had so far shaken the house as to cause a spring to slip and a six-inch square portion of the carved black overmantel to swing slowly outward, revealing the unsuspected truth that it was a tiny door working on a hinge and giving access to a tiny space hollowed out of the side of the overmantel.

Jasmine had never for a moment suspected that there could be any hiding-place, however small, in the ornamental carving of this overmantel, but now she felt sure that Carl Stuttermann himself had hollowed out this cavity which was gaping wider before her eyes as the six-inch square door moved farther open. The spring must have been in constant use to slip so easily just because of the shaking of the house by a train of heavy steam-drawn waggons passing in the street. But it was not the mere sudden discovery of this hidden hole that mattered to her. What mattered was the shining of a small glass from within the hole and the darting forth of a bluish gleam from the bottom of that glass.

It was the sight of this bluish gleam that made her feel that her prayer for proof against Stuttermann had been instantly and startlingly answered.

Springing to the overmantel, she thrust her hand into the cavity and took out the glass. She carried it into the full white radiance of the nearest electric light and examined it.

The blue gleam came from a single drop of bright blue liquid that was half congealed in the bottom of it.

The girl gasped. For the bright blue liquid was of exactly the same colour as the blue stain on the fragment of tablecloth which she had cut away from where Mary Glover had been sitting when she had met her death at the table here in this very room. It was a curious lightish blue such as could not possibly be the hue of anything wholesome to eat or to drink.

"It is poison. I am sure it is poison," she murmured feverishly half aloud. "This is Heaven's answer to my prayer. Mary Glover must have died poisoned—poisoned by some mysterious drug that an ordinary doctor does not recognise or even suspect—and just because that traction engine passed with the waggons I have the proof of it in my hand. Now there shall be justice done to that poor innocent girl whom in my unsuspecting blindness I sent here to her doom—the doom that Carl Stuttermann must have meant for me. And Carl Stuttermann shall find his hands tied before he can do any harm to the man that I love."

Thanking God in her heart for the mercy shown her by the revelation of this little glass that might have power to doom a guilty man to a felon's death, she hurriedly closed the little spring door in the overmantel and went out of the room and the house. Knowing the place to be empty, she had not hesitated to leave by the front door and to shut it firmly behind her, careless of what noise she might make. She had not waited to wrap the glass in anything, but carried it uncovered.

Her intention was to go with it at once to the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, and there to tell her story against Stuttermann without betraying her own true name. But she had not got far on her way before she began to see that to try to do this might be dangerous.

"They will not let me leave them the glass and then disappear as I came, so that they may know nothing more about me," she told herself. "They will hold me—even against my will, if necessary. They will not lose sight of me. They will even shadow me sooner than lose sight of me. They will want me to come forward and give evidence, and then I shall be identified as the girl who was in the Regent's Park villa on the afternoon of the police raid on 'Troop,' the receiver of stolen goods, and then the whole dreadful truth will come out, and the whole country will know that 'Troop' the receiver, and my father, are one and the same man. And my mother will know it—my sweet, tender, upright-living mother, who loves honour more than her life. No! No! I must not go myself. I dare not go myself! I dare not go myself! I must go back and put the glass in some sort of a case, and put the bit of blue stained tablecloth in with it, and write a letter stating exactly how and where the two things were found, and then get a messenger boy to take the whole package to the police without bringing me into connection with it at all. That is the only way. Then they'll have Mary Glover's body—my body, as they will believe it to be—taken up out of the grave again and examined for traces of the poison. That ought to be enough to prove Carl Stuttermann's guilt of murder without my coming forward at all. And in any case they will keep an eye on him

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

to-morrow so that he will not be able to communicate with the Wormwood Scrubbs convict who is to go to Portmill, and was to be told to take the life of Harry Earle."

Yes, this was all very well. Her new plan might be quite right as regarded the sending of the suspicious glass and the scrap of stained tablecloth to Scotland Yard. But in the other matter of the terrible and infamous scheme to kill Harry Earle, was it not almost certain that Stuttermann would manage to convey his dastardly instructions to the Wormwood Scrubbs convict, "Soapy Sam," during the hours of darkness of this present night?

Yes, this was absolutely certain. It was quite likely, indeed, that he had gone on his deadly errand now. The narrow escape he had just had from the police as an accomplice of "Troop" the receiver, would not stop him, but would rather hurry him up in the carrying out of his fearful purpose. For had she not gathered only too clearly that Harry Earle was a danger both to him and to her father and must be got out of the way before he could testify against them, and so bring about their destruction?

"No! Unless I can bar his way to that convict to-night the awful work will have been done, and Harry Earle's doom will have been sealed," she declared to herself, uttering the words in her threat.

The agony of this thought so convulsed her that for a moment she walked on blindly. She was going homeward now with the intention of making up the parcel which a messenger was to take for her to the police, and she had reached one of the most crowded parts of the homeward way, where the pavement was a mass of hurrying people who were jostling each other as if their whole fortunes depended on their getting to a certain place by a certain minute. And at this crisis Jasmine, going along with the heedlessness of her sudden deperate terror, was violently jostled by a man striding along in the opposite direction. The precious glass which she carried was knocked out of her hand and smashed into fragments on the edge of the pavement. With a quick, half-smothered cry, she looked down, and saw that even the fragments had been made useless because they had fallen from the curb into the soup-like mud of the gutter, where no doubt every trace of the drop of light blue fluid that had been in the glass had been washed away.

The girl stood white-faced, and as still as if she had been suddenly stricken with paralysis. What had she done? In a moment of mad heedlessness she had lost for ever the great chance which Heaven had sent her—the proof against Carl Stuttermann that would have given her power to stop the evil workings of this man, who must in his soul believe himself to be her murderer.

Now she was baulked—baffled—! Helpless to do anything to save the man she loved from the terror that hovered over him in the great convict prison in the South in which he was immured.

Her young body felt as weak and tottery as an old woman's as she made the rest of her way back to the Eaton Square house where there was mourning. She went back there mechanically, for she had no longer any purpose in doing so. She judged that it would be useless to send the bit of stained tablecloth to the police now that she had no longer the evidence of the drop of blue liquid in the glass to support it. And what could she do now to prevent Carl Stuttermann from getting his terrible message of crime conveyed to the convict "Soapy Sam" in Wormwood Scrubbs Prison to-night?

* * *

"Oh, Tigg, is that you? Whatever is it that you are carrying?"

Jasmine had collided with the old butler in the passage outside the housekeeper's room, and had nearly fallen over something that hung down from his arms.

"Lor, Miss, what a start you did give me! These lights down 'ere is so bad that I couldn't see you in the passage right in front of me. 'Is lordship that's lying dead upstairs was always close-fisted—though I say it with due respect to his memory—and never would 'ave electric light laid on in the basement. What 'ave I got that you nearly fell over? Why, it's ivy. The 'ousekeeper 'as 'ad it put in 'er fireplace, and there it would 'ave stopped if by good luck I 'adn't come along and noticed it, and then we should 'ave 'ad some more calamities besides quarrels between us all downstairs. Upon my word, it do take me pretty nigh all my time keeping the people of this house from flying in the face of Providence. . . . Lor, miss, now that I come to look at you, you do look lovely, and no mistake! I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the young master that's become Lord Clarestoke now should take a fancy to you and marry you! It would be a deal better for you than going on playin' this queer sort o' game that you're playin' now, and sticking to a man in a convict prison. Why, this Harry Earle might as well be in a cage at the Zoological Gardens for any good 'e'll be to you! It's all very well to talk about waiting ten years, but I've 'eard 'undreds of times a man isn't a man any longer when he comes out of penal servitude. You'll find out that's the truth, too, if you've had enough to wait about beggin' the liberty of speakin' like this, miss."

"Don't say any more, Tigg. I can't bear to talk to-night."

The little fat, bald-headed sandy-whiskered man stared at her for a moment or two in rather frightened wonder, and then shuffled along with his armful of ivy trails, while she crept to the inner end of the passage and went up the back staircase to the top of the suddenly silent house.

* * *

Meanwhile at this same moment the clanging of the great bell that is the signal for "Beds Down," was sounding through the vast cage-like hall at Portmill Convict Prison, in which Harry Earle's cell was situated; and Harry Earle himself was rising from his wooden stool to obey the thunderous order. The noise of the great bell reverberated almost appallingly from the iron of the cell walls, and of the landings and from the more fanciful wrought iron of the gallery rails and the stairways and the bridges that spanned the tremendous depth in the middle of the hall between the galleries.

Harry Earle wondered how many prisoners out of the three hundred and fifty quartered in this particular section of the great penal settlement thought the tremendous clamour was like a foretaste of the Judgment Day.

To-night was the first night that he was back in his cell after his time of desperate illness in the infirmary. He should have been thanking God for his life, but he was not doing this. He would have been far more thankful if he could have felt sure that death after delaying a long while would come to him soon after all. For what was the good of life to him if Jasmine Floyd no longer lived?

And he never doubted for a single instant that Jasmine Floyd was dead.

His body was very weak, and his brain felt numbed and dazed. So complete a helplessness was upon him that he could have found it in him to go to bed in his clothes. He could do this if he liked without fear even of reprimand, because a prisoner's cell is his private room and except for the eye of the warder peeping occasionally through the spyhole of the door he has no observation to fear at night, and may go to bed in his boots if he chooses, while the few well conducted first-class men who are allowed to share rooms with others may not even go to bed in their stockings, however bitterly cold the night may be. But good breeding and good training kept Harry Earle from becoming a dirty lout, even now when he was sunk in the worst depths of despair. He undressed himself properly, laid his clothes neatly folded at the foot of his hammock, did as much washing as the small quantity of water in his pail would admit of and, after deciding that he could not bring himself to pray, got into bed.

Not for a moment did he imagine that he was no longer simply Harry Earle to-night, but was in actual fact Lord Clarestoke, of Clarestoke, a peer of the realm. Great would have been the astonishment here in the prison if it had been known that the place was honoured with the presence of a peer. A peer's son the prison cook had had and great had been the delight shown by the humbler felons when they had seen him cleaning the landing in front of his cell and emptying other people's slops; but they had never before had a real peer—a man who had a right to sit in the House of Lords, but sat instead on a wooden stool in a seven feet by four cubicle, or occasionally on the dank floor of a punishment cell where there was no furniture except a plank bed and where nothing but the pallid beam of a warder's lamp had ever lessened the pitch darkness since first the great penal settlement had been established long, long ago.

It was very silent to-night in Harry Earle's cell; silent, that is as far as any human noises were concerned. For one thing, the next cell on his right hand happened for once to be empty, because the prisoner who usually occupied it was sojourning in a punishment cell, having stolen three pounds of candles from the landing store cupboard and eaten them, and betrayed by the wicks, which he had been unable to eat, and equally unable to get rid of otherwise, before a warder's prying eye had spied them out. This man had been accustomed to croon comic songs to himself in an undertone during the watches of the night except just at the moments when he knew the night warder would be passing, and now in his absence there was peace.

It was a peace for which Harry Earle was grateful. For he wanted to think. He wanted to ask himself what he was going to do with the life that had been thrust back upon him against his will just when he had hoped that he was rid of it for ever.

He had been so near death that for one little space of time—seven or ten minutes—the prison doctor had actually considered that the faintly flickering flame of life had gone out in him and the chaplain had [illegible] been given to send to Mrs. Wellington Floyd.

Mrs. Floyd must be thinking him dead. He must try to get the chaplain to let her know that this was not so. Not that it mattered really, for he was dead to the world already and no doubt he would be laid away soon in a black deal box in the blast-swept stretch of nameless hummocks a mile from the prison that was called the convicts' burying ground. But she might work harder to clear his name if she knew he was living.

Was she following up the clues he had given her? Was she trying to run to earth the Duchesse Hadine, and to get out of him who it was that had sold him the jewels which he, Harry Earle, had been wrongfully convicted of stealing from the drugged lady in the fashionable West-end house? Because his cell was on the topmost landing he heard the angry roaring

6s. 6d. FOR NOTHING IS WHAT YOUR EDITOR OFFERS YOU.

shrieking of the wind through all these wild and bitter
er nights. There seemed to be always a fierce wind on
desolate height on which the prison buildings towered,
it raged and howled maniacally about the angles of the walls
e the rain sputtered on the glass of the many skylights let
the roof until anyone hearing the rattle and patter at
t might have supposed himself to be in some vast conserva-
. Now and again the moon looked in at this glass roof,
ing the interior of the great hall with its iron galleries
stairways and bridges look like a devil's webwork of
ght black metal. But it did not peer in to-night, and even
had done so Harry Earle would not have seen it.

He lay tossing in a very agony of weakness and despair,
ning to the shrieking of the wind and watching mechanically
the white beam of the hand lamp of the list-shod night
rol as at regular intervals its search-light shot into every
t of the little cell, revealing to the officer exactly what the
pant was doing or enduring. So clear was the search-
t that it seemed to make even the foulness of the thick air
le. And so foul was the air that there were moments
Harry Earle felt that he must choke, while he knew that
some of the prisoners whose habits were dirty the state
things was worse still—so much worse that many of the
ers who came in fresh from the outer air in the morning
violently sick as soon as they opened the cell doors.

If he could have prayed to-night he might have found some
But he could not pray. All that his soul could cry
to Heaven was a wild reproach: "Why did you take her
y from me, oh God? Why could she not have been left to
she who was my life?"

At last with the turn of the night he fell asleep. But he
had not been asleep more than half-an-hour before he started
in his hammock dreaming that he saw his handsome dark-
cousin Lennie Shoreham standing before him, and that the
re-devil young heir to the family peerage was crying out to
:—

"Harry! Harry! You are Lord Clarestoke now. I am only
girl—a girl who loves you. Take me in your arms—make
yours—and all the joy of life and liberty shall come back
you again. Harry! Harry!"

He fell back again on his coarse bolster with a strange feeling
the madness of his fever—the fever from which he had only
recovered—must be burning in his brain anew.

• • •

CHAPTER IX.

THE EYES THAT WERE LIKE LIVE COALS.

The tailors' shop at Portmill was a lively place and here
rry Earle found himself placed for a time by the doctor's
ers, as he was not well enough yet to return to the work at
quarry.

"You'll go back to the out-door labour again, you know,
en you've got back your strength," he was told. "But in
meantime you must keep to indoor work. I don't suppose
u're any good at cutting out or sewing, so you can take charge
the stove and the irons." And so the man who unknown to
mself was a peer of the realm was installed at the job of
plying the convict workers in the tailors' shop with hot irons
the pressing of their seams.

It was a dirty job, and he disliked it for this reason, but he
not in a position to show dislike for any form of labour
ich might be allotted to him, and he knew that he ought to
grateful for the consideration which had spared him the heavy
of the quarries, while his body was too weak to wield the
kaxe or lift heavy blocks of granite without any effort that
uld be both cruel and dangerous. So he set himself to his
w work bravely in spite of the despair that was gnawing at
vitals and banked up the fire, and answered as best he could
demands of the convict workers for hot irons or "spare"
es—which latter meant irons which had been used very hot
thick seams, and having cooled down a bit would do for
heavy work.

For the first day or two he tried to please everybody by
nding to each busy convict tailor exactly what he called out
—a hot iron or a "spare" one, or one hardly more than
arm. But somehow or other this gave no satisfaction.

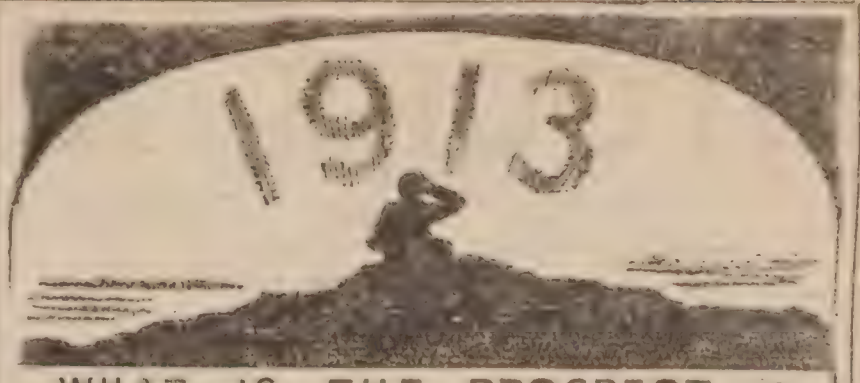
"How are you getting on?" the master tailor asked him kindly
ough on the evening of the second day.

"Fairly well, sir, I think." He tried to keep the despair out
his voice, because after all it had nothing to do with the
outine of life and work in the prison. "Only the men at the
oard are very difficult to please."

"Oh, don't you worry about that! Do your own duty and
never mind anything else. If a man calls out for an iron
ive him a good hot one, and if it's too hot let him wait till
cools. When it's too cold change it for a hot one, but don't
t yourself out for the beggars any more than that. Let 'em
ass the irons to each other."

Harry Earle took this advice and found the method of pleasing
himself answer much better than that of trying to please the

(*Continued on page 1781.*)



WHAT IS THE PROSPECT FOR

YOU?

YES! it's worth while asking yourself, "What prospect does 1913 hold out for ME?" Have you a definite hope of being better paid, higher up in your work, more secure in your position, before the year closes? No man with any heart, pluck, or real ambition in him can but be depressed if the end of the year's work finds him no farther on than where he was when the year begun.

Thousands in the United Kingdom look upon this New Year with confidence. They are qualifying for success. They are students of the I.C.S. Every month hundreds of them reap the reward of their intelligence and perseverance in the welcome form of better pay.

Why do these men, and women too, succeed? Because they do not wait for success to come to them; they go out after success, they qualify for success.

Employers are more and more determined to employ only men and women who know how to "do" things. Who are practically, thoroughly, trained in their work, who know how to use their brains.

BETTER PAY

Better Pay! Does that mean nothing to you? Don't you want it? If you do, is it not worth your while spending a stamp and a few minutes to learn how others, thousands of others, are busy qualifying themselves for it and getting it? Make this your first resolution for 1913; carry it out at once. A "put-off" resolution generally means "never."

This enquiry may turn out to be for you, as it has been for thousands of others, the most PROFITABLE RESOLUTION YOU EVER MADE. Write to-day, mentioning the work in which you are interested, to International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., 136a, International Buildings, Kingsway, London. Please use *full* address to avoid delay.

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SEND AS MANY "FIRSTS AND LASTS" COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

All markets seem to have started the New Year in cheerful fashion.

* * *

Among Rails, Brighton Deferred seem to be particularly strong, having risen to 95, whereas only two or three weeks ago they were standing at 90.

* * *

Great Central Deferred, another of my favourites, are three or four points to the good at 34, and there is no doubt that this line under the present vigorous management is making immense headway. The Junior Stocks should be worth locking up now for a considerable appreciation in price.

* * *

Great Northern Deferred are good at 52¼, Metropolitans at 54, and Districts are better at 41½.

* * *

Little Chats and South Eastern Deferred are benefiting through the good news about Kent coal. Here again are good opportunities for small investors.

* * *

Among mines Cobalt Shares have been particularly strong the last few days, Casey Cobalt in particular, which I strongly recommended to my readers at 2½, have now touched 3, and are good for a still further rise.

* * *

I have already received one or two letters from readers thanking me for my tip about these shares, who took advantage of my earlier advice to buy at 2½, still it is not too late to buy now for a further rise. Cobalt Townsite and Townsite Extension are also a good purchase.

* * *

We hear very little about West Africans in these days, and very few people seem to care about touching this market, yet there is hardly a company in the whole mining group can show a better position than the Ashanti Gold Fields, or a bigger return on your outlay.

* * *

Now we have The Broonassie Company, who have just entered the list of West African Dividend payers. The report to hand shows that for the year to September 30th, there was a profit of £29,467, and after writing off the preliminary expenses and a proportion of the general and administrative expenditure account, there is a balance of £16,972. This is a very satisfactory position, and an interim dividend of 10 per cent. has been declared.

* * *

Broonassie 10s. shares stand at only 7s. 6d., so should most certainly be worth holding.

* * *

Among Rhodesian, Land Shares are likely to be the most prominent with an early advance, and the most active of this group is likely to be The Exploring Land and Mineral also Amalgamated Properties. They are both small priced shares and easily within the reach of the small investor.

* * *

The Rhodesia Railways Trust Shares at 16s. 3d. are a likely lockup, as the surplus £24,600 for the year is in excess of market anticipation.

* * *

The boom so long anticipated in Oils generally is within sight. The great success of the Eagle Oil Transport augurs well.

* * *

Premier Oil and Pipe Line are better at 17s. 6d. and Shell Transport are very strong at 5¾ ex dividend.

* * *

Spies Petroleum are now quoted ex dividend and at 23s. 6d. should be good for a 2s. or 3s. rise.

* * *

Little is likely to be doing in the Maikop group until one knows the results of the deep drilling Company's operations.

* * *

My readers might start the New Year well by securing as many of the 2s. shares as possible of the Pataling Rubber Estates, now quoted at just over £2 per share, as the dividend for the year is likely to be bigger than the big 250 per cent. dividend of last year.

Among smaller priced rubber shares you get the pick of the bunch in Yam Seng at 8s. 6d., United Sumatra 7s. 6d., Allagar 3s. 6d. and Kamuning at 4s. 6d. All these companies are dividend payers, and on the improving side, and in the near future we are likely to see much better results and much bigger dividends.

* * *

National Steam Cars Shares are well worth purchasing as the Company shows increased returns week by week.

* * *

Other shares among industrials showing 6 per cent. and upwards are Aerated Bread, Bovril Ordinary, Dan[illegible] Preferred, R. H. Evans and Co. Ordinary, J. Lyons and Co. Slater's Ordinary, and Whiteley's Ordinary.

* * *

Any readers requiring advice how to buy or sell shares or the name of a stockbroker to deal with should write to me.

* * *

There are one or two of the bucket shops again on the warpath, sending out their circulars broadcast, and I therefore again warn my readers to have nothing whatever to do with these concerns, as they are certain to lose their money. If you wish to buy or sell shares you should do only with a member of the Stock Exchange.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

J. H. (Bristol).—With reference to your enquiry regarding the Broon[illegible] Co. shares, they should prove a fair speculation at present price[illegible] my notes. There are many good rubber shares that you could [illegible] £100 in showing you an average return of 8 per cent. to 12 per cent.

P. N. (Liverpool).—West African shares are looking up, but I [illegible] no belief in Fanti Mines. The best shares in this market are the Ash[illegible] Gold Fields, but Broonassie Company has just declared its ma[illegible] dividend, and I refer you to my notes for further particulars.

H. E. (Brighton).—I think you can look for better prices all-r[illegible] among mining shares during the next month, so should advise you to [illegible] on for a bit. Rubber shares are likely to appreciate in price, also Oi[illegible]

S. R. (Oxford).—The Company you send me particulars of is a buc[illegible] shop, and I strongly advise you to have nothing whatever to do [illegible] such people.

K. B. (Willesden).—I should advise you to buy Shell Transport [illegible] Spies Petroleum, and for a good sound dividend-payer in the Ru[illegible] market the Pataling Rubber Estates cannot be bettered.

S. J. (Brixton).—If you will refer to my notes for the last two or [illegible] weeks you will see I have consistently recommended Casey Cobalt sha[illegible] the shares of which have risen 8s. or 9s. during the last week or [illegible] but they will undoubtedly still go much better.

H. L. (Fulham).—You might buy some Aerated Bread Co. shares. [illegible] National Steam Cars. The Grand Trunk Third Preference are well w[illegible] purchasing, and I think the next dividend declaration is likely to [illegible] 1¾ to 2 per cent.

Speculator (Bolton).—As you have taken your profit on Casey Coba[illegible] should now advise you to buy about 50 Rhodesian Central Mining [illegible] National Steam Cars.

Youngster (Leicester).—I am afraid you have lost your money, [illegible] I will make full enquiries and write you in a few days.

Jones (Harrow).—Send me full particulars of your investments, [illegible] will advise you which to hold.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER A[illegible] ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

Surrey Reader Win[illegible]

FOOTBALL PRIZE.

No. 9 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In the No. 9 Football Competition a Surrey Read[illegible] succeeded in forecasting fifteen correct results out of t[illegible] sixteen matches given, and therefore takes the pri[illegible] of £25.

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"SIN," OUR THRILLING MELODRAMA—Continued.

generally vicious tempered fellows whom he was here in the tailors' shop to serve. So with his mind and brain still feeling dazed and numb he went on with his work and waited for some change, which he felt sure must come to him soon.

Strangely enough the beautiful remembered figure of Jasmine Floyd grew clearer to his mind instead of dimmer as the days went on. She seemed to be here with him in the great many-windowed workroom, among these dozens of branded and hideous men whose drab and black figures were varied only by the upright and dark-uniformed forms of the warders in charge. It was because he felt her idolised presence to be real that he broke into a wild fierce passion, when one day a man used foul language to him on account of a few minutes' delay about an iron.

"You'll have no iron at all," Harry Earle declared. "No man who swears or uses abusive language shall get an iron from me."

He was handing to another convict as he spoke the iron that had at first been intended for the foul-tongued one. This aroused the thwarted one's fury, and with a torrent of worse language than he had used before he set upon the man with the iron and tried to wrench the dangerous implement from him. There was an ugly struggle and then a yell and a groan from the more brutal man, who had got his deserts in the shape of a burn in the neck, below the ear, and another in the hand. His continued yells of pain brought the other men as well as the warders in a crowd to the spot, and the principal warder gave the order that the doctor should be fetched.

The medical man duly came though without hurrying himself and found Harry Earle doing his best to give first aid to the writhing sufferer, who did not pity himself any the less because he had only himself to thank for his sufferings. Even as he stooped over the victim, the doctor nodded pleasantly to the handsome young convict who had only lately left his care in the infirmary.

"Hope you're getting stronger every day, my good fellow, though I must say you're looking pretty papery still as to colour. Here, you can hold this lint for me!"

Harry Earle felt that there was something a little odd in his way of leaning towards him. In the next moment he knew that something besides the lint had been slipped into his hand, and he heard the doctor's voice breathing in his ear:

"Here's a little winter violet from the grave of that Miss Jasmine Floyd that you talked so much about in your fever. Lord Clarestoke sent it to me to give to you. He picked it for you from the grave."

"Lord Clarestoke?"

The echoed name got no farther than Harry Earle's throat as he clutched the tiny dark blue flower passionately in his left hand. He felt blind and sick, and his head swam. He was aware of the strangeness of it that Lord Clarestoke should have sent the previous thing, for to him Lord Clarestoke meant still the old uncle who had never sent him anything but curses. But in his agitation he would not think clearly of this; he could only clutch the violet and feel the horror of what had been told him about it, that it had come from Jasmine Floyd's grave.

Ah! Here was proof that she, his darling, was indeed dead—dead and lost to him for ever.

When he could get free from the workshop at dinner time he went to wash his hands in a bucket as the stove work made them too dirty to eat with. He had put the violet away inside his vest, against his breast, while he did this rinsing his hands mechanically, still with the whole place seeming to be reeling round him, when he started at hearing a voice say:

"These men coming up now are a new lot from the Scrubs."

He could not have told why the words gripped his attention. New men did not usually interest him much. But now as a tramping of feet sounded along the landing he lifted his head at the first man who was approaching.

The man was very near, and his eyes met Harry Earle's, and in a flash of that strange recognition by instinct which comes to every human being once or twice in a lifetime, Harry Earle knew who he was and recoiled from him, overturning the bucket in the suddenness of his movement, so that the water ran over the floor.

"To the right! Quick! March!" came a warder's shouted order to the newcomer. And the man moved away.

But Harry Earle still seemed to see him standing in front of him, staring at him with eyes that had a peculiar meaning in them.

"It's him! I would stake my life on it that it's him," he said in his throat.

"We shall see. If it is him there'll be a fight between us—perhaps to the death."

(To be continued.)

LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER LONG INSTALMENT OF THIS THRILLING MELODRAMA NEXT WEEK.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
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THE LEAGUE BADGE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.
The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.
The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices.

OUR ATHLETIC BADGE.

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
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APPLICATION FORM.
Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....
I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)
Signature.....
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"NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS SUPPLIED FREE. SEND NOW.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE WINNERS.

We have great pleasure in announcing the names of the sixth batch of prize winners in connection with our fascinating winter evening pastime, "Firsts and Lasts."

The first prize of £2 goes to
NOEL MANTON, M.R Co., Norbury, nr. Stockport.

The winning "First and Last" is
"CANADA'S GIFT: "CRAFTY" THOUGHT.
H. H. TRIMMING, Hydrographic Dept., Admiralty, London, S.W.
takes the second prize of £1 with
SUSPICIOUS WIVES: SCENT SCENT.

Ten prizes of 5s. each are awarded to—
MISS NIXON, 44, Machen Place, Cardiff.
V. BERNAS, 29, Belgrave Crescent, Bath, Somerset.
MOFFATT ECOB, 23, St. John's Avenue, Bridlington, Yorks.
J. JOHNSTON, 3, Newtown Road, Carlisle.
E. GOMES, 149, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.
CHARLES W. PALMER, 16, High Street, Godalming.
W. NICHOLSON, 25, Rodwell Avenue, Weymouth.
JAMES CLARK, Royal Bank Buildings, Kirkcaldy, Fife.
RICHARD P. BLACKMAN, 94, Ardgowan Road, Catford, S.E.
GEORGE E. ROGERS, The Central Buildings, Oldham Street, Manchester.

NEWSAGENTS' AWARD A prize will be sent to Mrs. Clough, Norbury, Stockport.

CYCLE NOTES & BARGAINS.

The only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free Exchange Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below.

As usual, the weather for the London to Exeter run baffled description, and the 130 odd competitors that I saw pass through Sherborne, near Yeovil, all bore evidence of the severity of the elements. I had hoped to gather a few wrinkles, but the mud was all-conquering, many of the machines being quite unrecognisable.

From the look of the machines nearly all the riders had experienced side slips, damaged foot-rests, pedals and lamps bore testimony to this effect; and one rider, if I mistake not it was the gallant Admiral, narrowly escaped a nasty accident. He was proceeding along followed by one of the official cars, when a side-slip landed him in the road. The car following only escaped him by being turned into the ditch, from which it had to be extracted by means of planks.

One could not help noticing the lighting arrangements. Many riders were carrying two lamps, some even three, whilst the side-car turnouts sported more than this. In some cases big motor headlights were noticed.

* * *

MOTOR CYCLES.

F.N.—2¾-h.p., splendid running order; new tyres. First £15 10s. secures. Motor, Box 74 "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

N.S.U.—3½-h.p., two-speeds, free engine, magneto, good order, new tyres. Motor, Box 75, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Kerry Lightweight, B. and B. Carburettor, smart appearance, splendid condition. £15. Sacrifice. Motor, Box 76, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

REX.—3½-h.p., good running order, H.B.C., B. and B., good tyres, spring forks, £9 or offer.—Wilkinson, Stang Yule, Bleasdale, near Garstang, Lancs.

CYCLES.

New Hudson and Rudge Whitworth, two-speed, new. Exchange for good motor cycle; magneto preferred.—Cycle, Box 38, "Modern Man," 29 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

New Tourist, Gent's, 24in. frame, oil bath, three-speed, Palmer tyres; £7 15s.—Fuller particulars, Cycle, Box 39, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

COUPON.

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Name and Address _____

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

RACING SELECTIONS.

The week opens with a small meeting at Wye, and a blank day comes two days at Gatwick, and Lingfield winds up the week. At the first mentioned venue I fa that JACK, who is certainly the best of the entries in Dover Handicap Steeplechase, will easily carry his penalty to victory. They are by no means a great lo the Ashford Handicap Hurdle race, and given a run looks a fairly good thing for CALANAS, who, the first time attempted to negotiate the hurdles, gave promise of coming a useful recruit to the business. There is noth of any note in the Selling Handicap Steeplechase, but so thing has to win it, and it may be MILFOIL. The Sell Handicap Hurdle race I shall assign to PETER DOODEY.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE KN EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE MESS FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE BE FIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESSA

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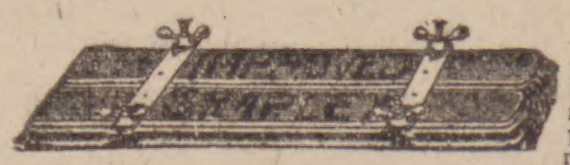

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

RENOVATING TIES.

A correspondent asks me if I can suggest a reliable method of cleaning ties. He possesses, he says, several pure silk knitted ones, costing 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. each. Naturally he is anxious to make such expensive luxuries last as long as possible, for the results of washing he finds to be disastrous, an iron being powerless to restore the appearance of the tie.

The only alternative I can suggest is to dip the tie in a bath of petrol. In an expensive tie of this kind the colour should be fast, and the spirit will soon remove the dirt, and will quickly evaporate when the tie is hung up to dry in the open air.

FUR COATS.

I have known men whose chief ambition in life seemed to be to possess a fur coat. The question whether it was in keeping with their financial position, or even their age or social position, did not seem to occur to them.

In some cases I have known them laboriously save up until they had amassed £20 or so, and with that they would purchase the longed-for garment.

Having obtained it, they find that everything seems to cost them about twice as much when they are wearing it. "Tips" increase enormously, and not infrequently they feel bound to travel first-class or take a cab, where they would not have done so formerly.

The average man, however, looks with something like contempt on the buying of such unnecessary and expensive luxuries by a man who cannot, or should not, afford them. But at least the man who buys a really good fur coat is better than he who has a fur collar added to an ordinary and comparatively cheap overcoat.

In any case, a fur coat is not a very suitable garment for a young man, except, perhaps, for the motorist, and it should not be very difficult to reconcile oneself to doing without it.

Moreover, there is something rather effeminate about fur trimmings that make them by no means desirable on a man's garments.

Astrachan, which is, of course, a form of wool, is a different thing, but fur collars, even of sealskin or sable, are better left to the other sex.

CONCERNING TROUSERS.

Have you ever discovered that the slot formed by the permanent turn-up of the trousers is a very efficient dust-bin? The turn-up, in fact, seems to catch every bit of dust and rubbish in your path.

This must, of course, be regularly cleaned out, and in doing so you should be very careful not to break the few stitches by which the turn-up is attached to the trousers at the seams at either side.

If the stitches are broken, the rim of cloth forming the turn-up falls outwards all round the leg, making an ugly sort of frill round the top of the boots.

Be sure then, if you care the least bit about your personal appearance, that new stitches are put in if the others break, so that the turn-up is kept in place.

BRIEF REPLIES.

A.L. (Manchester), whose leather bootlaces break very readily, asks me for a remedy. Take the laces out occasionally, smear some polish on a rag, and run the laces through it. If you do not do this, the fibre of the laces will weaken, and they will inevitably break.

TOM (Sydenham).—A double collar is not correct for evening dress. A wing collar or a military one should be worn.

N.H. (Maryport).—Wants to know where to dispose of his misfits. Try our "Sale and Exchange."

J.A. (Romford).—Certainly, if your old evening dress shirts are left unstarched, you can wear them up with your lounge suit.

KEEN (Shipley).—Send me fuller particulars, and will then advise.

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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Why be Short? By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars, to Professor Prowse, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

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Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1774.

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Gramophone: Magnificent hornless Sheraton mahogany cabinet, record cupboard enclosed, height 4ft.; powerful one turn motor, 12in. turntable, distinct, mellow tone; purchased 1912; records; £4 5s.—3, Anbert Park, Highbury Barn, London.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use: best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. today to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Sandow's grip dumbbells, with springs complete; cost 12s. 6d., equal to new; take 7s. 6d.—H. Winfield, 47, Kensington Road, Oakhill, Stoke-on-Trent.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1782.

Sell "Height Increase" course, cost 25s., complete, as new, 11s.—Box 700, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your appearance can be improved by a head of curly hair, send to-day for a bottle of "Curlolena," "The Sure Hair Curler" 1s. 1½d., post free.—A. Fergusson, 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E. For either ladies or gentlemen.

Brain fag, depression, nervous exhaustion, etc., speedily cured, makes life worth living; inexpensive, very efficient, absolutely genuine; recipe, P.O. 1s. 1d.—Address, Box 701, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, vertical filing card index cabinet for office, Shannon pattern preferred; send price, sizes, and full particulars to Box 702, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's waterproof shooting or golf boots, with set of polished beechwood trees, size wide eights, perfect, as new, 17s. 6d. lot.—Box 708, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Fine razor strops, best velvet hide, bargain, 1s., post free.—Box 706, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"Money Making Ideas" free on application.—Byron C. Davies, 9, Kenton Street, London, W.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For increase of height, see Professor Prowse's announcement on page 1774.

Double-breasted tweed overcoat, belt back, about 5ft. 6in. or 7in., chest 37in. to 38in., 10s. 6d.—Box 705, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

4 month golden brindle dog puppy, champion bred, looks like making a flier, 3gs.—Box 704, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blackbird fountain pen, absolutely brand new, solid gold nib, medium pointed, in box, as new.—Box 703, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bargain; 8ft. superior folding mahogany bagatelle, fully equipped, with bridge, 48s.—Box 709, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, second-hand billiard cloth, suitable bagatelle table, good condition and price.—Box 710, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1784.

Dated, January 11th, 1913

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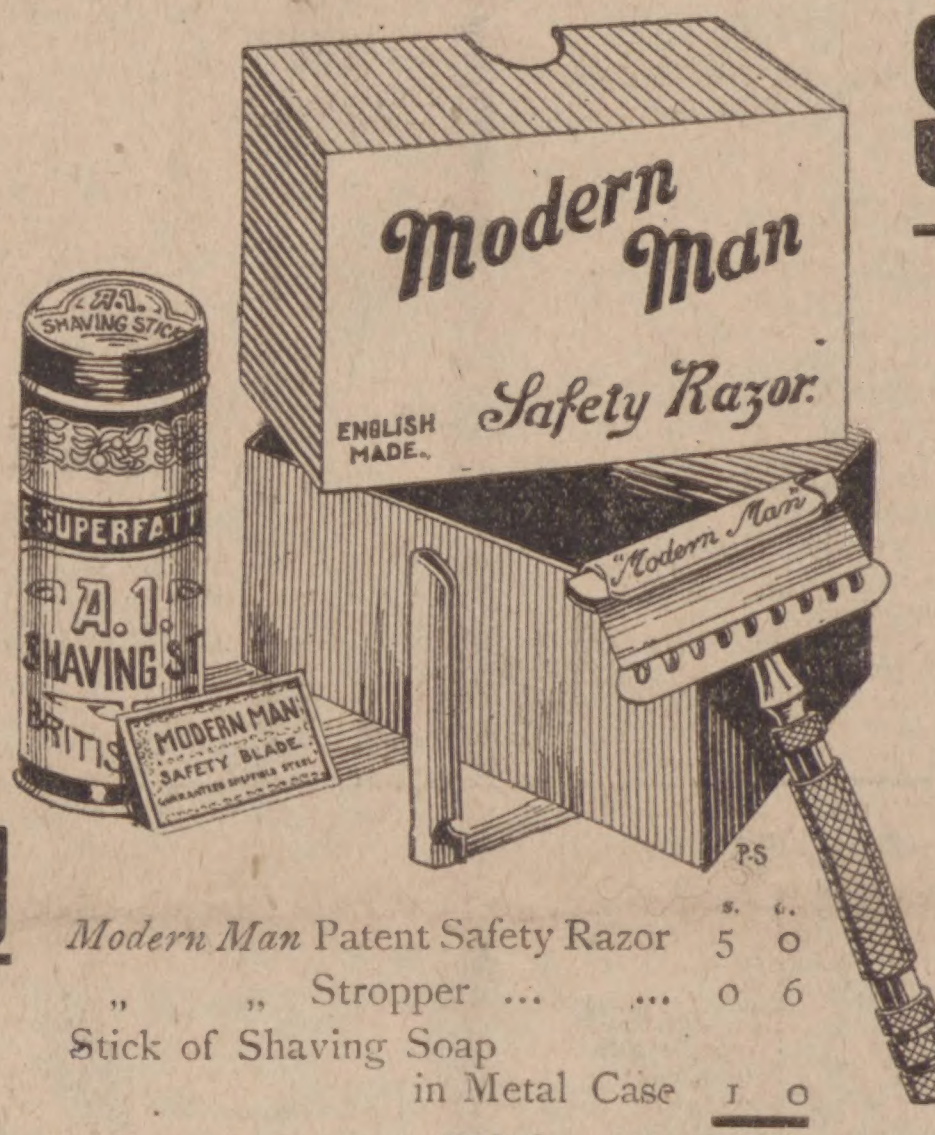
CHANCE NOT TO BE MISSED.

What Your Editor Offers You.

6/6 for Nothing



Shaving Sets FREE to all.

	s.	d.
Modern Man Patent Safety Razor	5	0
" " Stropper	0	6
Stick of Shaving Soap in Metal Case	1	0
Total ...	**6s.**	**6d. Free to My Readers.**

I never dreamed when I made this Shaving Set Offer that it would meet with such an enthusiastic response. Evidently my readers are out to help me, and incidentally to help themselves to a complete Shaving Set FREE OF COST.

If you will only give the copies of "Modern Man" to the right people, there is no doubt we shall quickly have a permanent 500,000 readers, and how proud you and I will be when every newsagent is interested in the paper, and exhibits our bill outside his shop.

Remember, all you have to do

is to distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among your masculine friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like "Modern Man," but before doing so, cut out the FREE SHAVING SET coupon on page 1783. Send the six coupons to me, together with a P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set, and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.**

Address your letter to—Editor, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and mark in the top left hand corner, "Free Shaving Set."

IF YOU HAVEN'T SENT, DO SO NOW.

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